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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE Duke of Connaught returned on Wednesday from the very successful tour in which he inaugurated the South African Parliament and Constitution. He spoke of his mission with the tact and good feeling that are special marks of his House. He gave to Reuter's correspondent his opinion that the Union was "solidly based," and that the political parties had shown great forbearance in negotiating its difficult political questions, such as education. He spoke wisely of the racial difficulty. The two white races had settled down to work together, full of mutual respect, and prepared in the end to know only or chiefly their common South African citizenship. This sensible tone the Duke and Duchess seem, by all accounts of their journey, to have very thoroughly adapted to the many large and small courtesies and attentions of a Royal tour.

THE newspaper polemics over the Dutch Defence Bill, which the "Times" inaugurated last week, have spread, as was to be expected, to the whole European Press. The French and Russian newspapers, of course, second the "Times," and General Langlois, a serious French authority on fortification, goes so far as to say that the proposed Dutch forts at Flushing must render the defence of Antwerp impossible. Belgian opinion is, of course, deeply stirred, and various proposals are mooted for saving the position at Antwerp, including even the cutting of a ship-canal to Zeebrugge.

Two Dutch views attempt to suggest an innocent explanation of the new schemes. A letter to the "Times" explains that Holland must strengthen her defences, not because she herself really fears a danger from Great Britain, but rather because, if she leaves her coasts vulnerable, Germany might, in the event of war, make her alleged danger a pretext for an occupation. The suggestion

is plausible, but it does not even attempt to explain the fortification of Flushing. The only suggestion on that score is that Holland really contemplates an alliance with Belgium, and fortifies Flushing in order to make herself a more acceptable ally. It is true that there has been talk of such a defensive alliance, but it has so far been purely academic. It remains to be seen whether the States General will pass the Bill as it stands. The Liberal minority will oppose it, but the clerical coalition is powerful and unbroken.

THE trial for espionage of Captain Brandon and Lieutenant Trench ended in a sentence of four years' detention in a fortress. The law would have authorised penal servitude, but, as all Germans have readily admitted, the charge against the two officers implied no offence against traditional honor, and their conduct excited in their judges a sympathetic respect. The punishment is not a light one, particularly as the two officers are to be separated. The "Kreuz Zeitung," which voices the typical Conservative and military view, describes the sentence as "severe but just." There is little doubt that the two officers did their work capably and obtained valuable information. It was, moreover, information which could have served only to facilitate an aggressive campaign upon the coast defences of Germany. But this fact, serious in itself, has been unpardonably exaggerated by certain German newspapers. Thus the widely-read "Berliner Lokalanzeiger"—the nearest counterpart to the "Daily Mail"—declares that the information would have been valuable only in the event of a sudden invasion without a declaration of war. That is a travesty which nothing in the facts could justify. The information would have been equally useful at any stage of a campaign in which either State was the aggressor.

A REVIEW in the "Temps" of the diplomatic problems of the year, from the pen of M. Deschanel, the Reporter of the Standing Committee of the Chamber on Foreign Affairs, has properly attracted a measure of attention in this country. He congratulates France upon the separate arrangement with Germany over Morocco. He then goes on with an odd inconsistency to deprecate any notion of an inter-penetration of the two groups of Powers which divide Europe between them. He writes throughout of the Triple Entente as though it were a solid league with a uniform world-wide policy—more especially in the Near East, a region to which none of the treaties on which it is based have any reference.

ASSUMING that England has entered a Continental Alliance, he goes on to point the moral. There is, he declares, "a contrast between modern British diplomacy, which has in a certain sense become Continental, and England's system of defence, which has remained insular." Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Blatchford are the British "experts" whom he cites as sharing this view. This catalogue shows little acquaintance with the character of our politicians, but M. Deschanel's reasoning is perfectly sound if his premises be granted. It has become the

habit among ourselves as well as in France to write of the Triple *Entente* as though it were an alliance, and the House of Commons has never asked for an authoritative exposition of the real state of the case. M. Deschanel is as well able to interpret the facts of the diplomatic situation as any private member of the House of Commons, which is content to dispense with any Foreign Affairs Committee and with any inquisition into their conduct.

* * *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has twice been interviewed by representatives of the French Press—first by M. Longuet, the acting editor of M. Jaurès's able journal, "*L'Humanité*," and a son-in-law of Karl Marx; secondly, by M. Hedeman, the representative of the "*Matin*," which is a Paris "*Daily Mail*." These interviews should prove a corrective to the anti-Liberalism of that portion of the French Press which is almost exclusively quoted here, representing as it does either pure reaction, like the "*Gaulois*," or highly Conservative and individualistic views, like the "*Temps*," the "*Débats*," and the unimportant "*Sicéle*." M. Longuet and M. Hedeman are very capable journalists, but we strongly share Mr. George's regret that in both cases proofs of the interviews were not submitted to him before they appeared.

* * *

For example, the Chancellor, while expounding to M. Longuet the anti-militarist policy of Liberalism, dilated to M. Hedeman on the fact that his next Budget "contemplated an expenditure on the Navy ten millions sterling in excess of what we spent not long ago (*il y a quelque temps*). This is, unfortunately, a truism of our Naval policy, and cannot imply any serious increase of Dreadnought building this coming year. But Admiral von Koester, President of the German Navy League, has stated that "such an important increase in the British Naval estimates" must influence the Naval policy of other Powers. This involves a complete misapprehension of the Chancellor's meaning. But it is a mistake which foreign critics were almost bound to make. It is the proper object of British Liberalism to reassure the French nation on the subject of the *Entente*, and we see that Sir Charles Dilke performs that office with great tact in his interview with M. Leudet, of the "*Figaro*." But it is emphatically not a Liberal object either to have the *Entente* treated as an exclusive and offensive alliance, as M. Deschanel chooses to treat it, or to give a brusque, sensational coloring to our naval policy.

* * *

THE Indian National Congress met on Monday at Allahabad, and listened with satisfaction to a moderate and conciliatory address from Sir William Wedderburn, who had been summoned from England to preside over it. The burden of the address was a plea for the whole-hearted acceptance of the reform scheme, for frank co-operation between Indians and the Civil Service, and for conciliation between Hindoos and Moslems. The Congress itself has on the whole followed on these lines. It has fervently expressed its pleasure at the coming visit of King George. It will send a deputation to Lord Hardinge, which he has already agreed to receive. Best of all, it has decided to pave the way for an understanding with the Moslem community, by accepting the separate electorate and the over-representation which Moslems admittedly enjoy on the new Councils, as accomplished and unalterable facts.

* * *

The Congress will be followed by a Conciliation Conference, in which leading Hindoos will

meet leading Moslems, among them no less a person than the Agha Khan. These latter have also held a separate Congress, which has deplored the present attitude of British diplomacy towards Turkey and Persia. The Nasik Conspiracy trial has ended, after nearly a year, with the passing of many severe sentences for sedition, including deportation for life on Vinayak Savarkar—a sentence which will not take effect until the Hague Tribunal has decided his claim to the rights of a political refugee in France.

* * *

THE moment is approaching when Sir Edward Grey must decide whether it is expedient to execute the threat of establishing a British-Indian gendarmerie to control Southern Persia. The ultimatum expires on January 14th. The Persian Government meanwhile reports that it has sent a large force, with an Italian officer, to the disturbed district; the road from Bushire to Shiraz is once more open, and has been free from disorder for some three weeks; and, finally, the Mejliss is considering the terms of the loan which will put the Persian police on an efficient basis without foreign interference. In these conditions to carry out the threat would be a wanton aggression, of which we cannot believe that our Foreign Office will be capable. Nevertheless, apparently in protest against an act which he believed to be imminent, the Persian Foreign Minister, Husein Kuli Khan, has resigned his portfolio—though his failure to induce Russia to withdraw her troops may also have influenced him.—A rather serious gun-running incident in the Persian Gulf, in which a party of bluejackets from the Hyacinth suffered heavy losses in a fight with a band of Arabs at Dibai, is said to be due indirectly to fears of a Russo-British partition of Persia.

* * *

WE have received a copy of a protest adopted by a public meeting held at Teheran a few days after the delivery of the British ultimatum. It interprets it not unfairly as a calculated blow to Persian independence, dwells on the inevitable disorganisation which follows every successful revolution, and protests against the harshness which a professedly Liberal Government displays in taking advantage of the difficulties of a people engaged in a perilous but promising evolution towards freedom. The most noteworthy feature of the document is that it makes no distinction between England and Russia, but treats both Governments as the equal enemies of Persian nationality.

* * *

RECRIMINATIONS within the Unionist camp continue and grow more embittered. Lord George Hamilton has written to the "*Times*" claiming the Tory gains in Lancashire and Cheshire as the fruits of Mr. Balfour's pledge of the Referendum, putting Tory losses elsewhere on the back of the food taxers, and denouncing the "repudiation of the only arrangement and policy by which their party could once more become a fighting force against revolution." To this Lord Ridley retorts bitterly that the Free Trade Tory vote is a "myth," that the Lancashire results were due to Tariff Reform propaganda, and that the officers without soldiers, of whom Lord George is one, must knuckle down to the real Tory army, which is Protectionist.

* * *

EQUALLY acute is the quarrel over generalship. The "*World*," in an article called "*The Folly of it All*," says that the Unionist rank and file were handled as Marbot said the French troops were handled at Water-

loo, "not like men, but like turnips." Mr. Balfour went from "one untenable position to another," breaking the heart of his fighting men till they "felt inclined to sit down and weep." Not one "rallying watchword" did he give. The Lords were "nervous and ill at ease," and none of Mr. Balfour's lieutenants showed tactical capacity—not even Mr. Smith. In a more cynical strain Mr. Sidney Low, the ablest and most cultivated of the Tory journalists, suggests, in the "Fortnightly Review," that the Tory leaders, recovering from the "grave tactical blunder" of throwing out the Budget, have plunged knowingly into "revolution," and, waving aside the old Constitution, have decided to over-trump Radicalism with the pure democracy of the Referendum. This device is not meant to protect "property and privilege," but to risk their overthrow, if necessary through a Finance Bill subjecting all incomes over a thousand a year to a tax of ten shillings in the £. Mr. Low, still in his satirical vein, rebukes those Tory and Liberal critics who treat the Referendum as a mere electoral bait, to be snatched away after the close of the polls, or even insinuate that Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour did not know what they were doing. One theory reflected on Mr. Balfour's well-known "honor," the other on his equally well-known "sense of responsibility."

A FRIGHTFUL railway accident, causing the deaths of thirteen people, occurred on the Midland Railway near Hawes Junction on Saturday morning. The Scotch express from St. Pancras crashed at a high speed into a couple of light engines which were moving slowly along the same line of rails. The leading carriages were telescoped and wrecked, and, as many modern expresses are travelling restaurants, fully equipped with appliances for light and fuel, they naturally caught fire. Several persons, including one baby, were first jammed in the wreckage and then burnt to death. In some cases little that was human or recognisable remained.

THE cause of the disaster was explained with manly frankness by the signalman at the inquest. An honest, sober, and experienced man, he made the extraordinary mistake of leaving the two light engines on the main down line for twenty minutes, and then signalling the express. The drivers of the engines naturally took the signal to mean that they should go on northwards. When the signalman realised his forgetfulness, he exclaimed, "I have wrecked the Scotch express." For the rest, it is clear that fire is a new danger to expresses, and the railway companies might reasonably be asked to make fresh provision against it.

DISASTER after disaster marks the course of airman-ship. On Thursday week Mr. Cecil Grace made a bid for the prize of £4,000 offered by Baron de Forest for the longest flight from England to the Continent, and tried a double flight across Channel. He reached Calais travelling through a misty air, and starting on the return journey was observed from the English coast near the Goodwins, but was never seen again, and his death, we are afraid, is certain. On Wednesday, two more airmen—one a professional and one an amateur—competing for another prize of £4,000, were dashed to death at Iesy-les-Moulineaux, near Paris, and another adventurer in Brazil also perished. No catastrophe, however, seems to stop the interest in these races of death; and a fresh batch of competitors—including Mr. Loraine, the actor—have entered for Baron de Forest's

prize. We suspect that the aeroplane is approaching the end of its career. Many of its early masters have been killed, or have retired from the sport, making room, we imagine, for the development of the far safer dirigible balloon.

WE are interested to see that Professor Roget—the well-known Professor of English Literature at the University of Geneva—writing to Mr. Harold Spender, entirely confirms our view of the complete inapplicability of the Swiss Referendum to our own Constitution. Professor Roget points out (1) that a Swiss Cabinet is in what we should call a rudimentary stage, in which Whigs and Tories sit together, and is, therefore, a non-party Government; (2) that it is faced by a Radical Parliament, and that the Referendum acts as a mean between these two extremes, the electorate intervening between Parliament and the Cabinet. The Swiss balance of political forces, says Professor Roget, admits of no House of Lords, and the Swiss democracy, therefore, does not fear that the Referendum can be used as "a tool against it." "It is clear," he adds, "that the House of Lords and the Referendum do not rhyme together. If the Referendum is to be free and genuine, the House of Lords must go, and the Referendum must become its supercessor." This is precisely the view we have always urged. The Professor makes use of the equally fatal point that the Referendum can only be applied to British politics as the result of a previous concession of Home Rule all round; otherwise it would simply be a method of crushing each nationality in turn.

THE Government have made a good and thoroughly defensible, though not an ideal, appointment to the Deanery of Westminster. Bishop Ryle has consented to step down from the See of Winchester, which he ruled with the active and efficient sway he had applied to Exeter. Dr. Ryle is a very able administrator; his theology is free from the narrowness which largely spoiled his father's ministry, and he is a biblical scholar on lines which just fall short of the best modern work. He will be a popular and, we hope, an interesting Dean, but his appointment does not make Westminster what every progressive Prime Minister ought to make it—a chief outpost of liberal thought in the Church of England. There are one or two living men—notably Canon Barnett—who, if health and inclination had permitted, might have carried on this side of the Westminster tradition. We hope that Bishop Ryle will not discard it.

THE death, on Thursday, of Professor S. H. Butcher, the member for the University of Cambridge, lowers the general distinction of the new Parliament. Mr. Butcher was the greatest classical scholar the House of Commons has contained since he took the place of Sir Richard Jebb, and, like that admirable man, he united a rich and well-applied store of learning with personal grace and persuasiveness in speech. Few who listened to his plea for an Irish University are likely to forget its elevated spirit and serene intellectual temper. Less calm and less broad was Professor Butcher's general attitude to the Irish political problem, but there strong and old attachments and prejudices intervened. His services to Greek scholarship were akin to those of Professor Murray; that is to say, they united the genius of a modern with that of an ancient language, and gave a fresh human interest to an undying study.

Politics and Affairs.

ULSTER IN JEST AND IN EARNEST.

BELOW all the mass of mere prejudice that has surrounded the problem of Home Rule two real difficulties have always been apparent. One is the position of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament, and the other is the position of the Protestant minority in Ireland. The first will probably lead the country in the end to secure a correlative measure of Home Rule for the other portions of the United Kingdom. The second is encumbered with this preliminary difficulty, that the behavior of the Ulster Orangemen makes it difficult to decide whether we are to treat them seriously or not. There is certainly no disposition on the part of the bulk of British Liberals to overlook their claims. The Home Rule movement itself rests on the frank recognition of the rights of a smaller nationality enclosed within a larger. But the north-east corner of Ireland is again a still smaller nationality, or quasi-nationality, incorporated within the part which is claiming justice. It is a minority within a minority, and in securing liberty to the larger minority none of us wish to injure the smaller. Again, the eastern half of Ulster appeals to the British electorate as Protestants, and Protestantism is certainly not weaker in the Liberal than in the Unionist Party. The slightest symptom or suggestion of Roman Catholic dominance would be sufficient to alienate the sympathies of large numbers of those who have helped to return the present Government to power. There is, then, every disposition to listen to the claims of eastern Ulster with sympathetic attention, to secure its interests with every reasonable safeguard, in a word, to take them very seriously.

But if this business of taking the views of eastern Ulster seriously were to be taken up just now by the Irish Secretary, what would he have to do? If he is to attach serious importance to the language of responsible leaders, how would he treat those who give the advice to drill and import arms? Here, for example, is Captain Craig appealing to his fellow-countrymen, if the report in the "Times" of December 27th is accurate, to make the necessary preparations for an armed resistance. He suggests that the "energy and expense" which have been lavished in the sister countries—in electioneering, we suppose—would be better devoted to "buying arms and ammunition now." The purpose of the arms and ammunition is obligingly explained. "They would tell the Radicals that Ulster would remain loyal to their trust, but they would not be loyal if it came to any tampering with their ancient rights." This is a new version of "Be my brother or I will kill you." "We are so loyal," it seems to run, "that we shall rebel if you do not let us be loyal in our own way." But Captain Craig, who, we presume, will appear in the House of Commons next month to take the oath of allegiance, is even more explicit: "In a short time the Unionist clubs would be reorganised, and he would advise all the young men of the countryside to join, and to employ some old soldiers to train them in military tactics, and then, God help Mr. Birrell and the

Nationalists if they came near them." Yet in face of this the Irish Unionists go about the country, and will continue to go about the country, parading their loyalty, and persuading English people that sedition is the peculiar property of the Nationalists, fostered by English Liberals.

How are we to treat utterances of this kind? Are we to take them seriously? If so, it is clearly Mr. Birrell's duty to take precautions against the importation of arms, and to bring to justice those who are openly preaching rebellion, particularly when they hold responsible positions. Everyone knows that this would be the treatment meted out to the other side. Many a Nationalist has slept on the plank bed for words far less violent and less explicit than those which we have quoted. But that was because "Society" did not sympathise with Nationalism, an unjust reason. It was also because the British Government has always taken Nationalism seriously, a just reason. Putting the unjust reason aside, we arrive at this dilemma. The state of feeling in eastern Ulster may be regarded as something very serious. In that case stringent measures ought to be taken from the first against those who not merely preach disorder, but advocate practical preparation for armed rebellion. Or these preachments are to be dismissed as idle talk, and the alarms of Ulster as empty and unreal. The Orange Party cannot have it both ways.

There is, of course, another method open to the Irish Protestants, to which we are glad to think that the more moderate of them are already inclined. It is to tell us frankly and in a reasonable spirit what they really fear, and what safeguards they desire. The land question, which made so much difficulty in 1886 and 1893, is in the way of settlement. At any rate, no fears of a confiscatory policy could ever be entertained. The Irish Parliament will certainly not have power to establish a church, or to penalise any religious beliefs. It will not have the control of the customs, which might conceivably arouse fears for the trade of Belfast. It will be subject to the final supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, which will retain entire control of the armed force of the country. What further guarantees do the Protestants desire? If any, let them be named in detail, so that we may consider fairly whether they are reconcilable with the general principle of autonomy. In some quarters we see the suggestion revived that Ulster herself should receive Home Rule. But in the first place it is not a question of Ulster, but of half Ulster. In the second place, if we begin this process of division, we can go on *ad infinitum*. Even within the Orange portion of Ulster there are seats held by Nationalists. There are others, like Londonderry, where the parties are almost balanced.

In the third place, and this is a consideration which will weigh with those who sympathise with the anxiety as to Catholic domination, the withdrawal of the Ulster Protestants from the Dublin Parliament would leave their fellow-religionists in the rest of Ireland a hopeless minority. Their presence would convert that minority into a strong and compact opposition, which, on any question of undue sacerdotal pretensions, would find

itself co-operating with all that is liberal in Nationalism. One of the first discoveries of Nationalist statesmen, if, indeed, they do not know it already, will be that they need the Protestants to help them in the government of the country, and one of the first discoveries of Ulster will be that, by throwing in her lot with Ireland, her own position will be exalted from one of dependence on outside force to one of high and independent influence in her own house. William of Orange's adage has its political application. Parliaments, like entities, should not be multiplied beyond necessity. There is an historic and a geographical necessity for a Parliament in Dublin, and in that Parliament there is a political necessity that Belfast should be represented. To that Parliament it will contribute the nucleus around which elements will cluster that are indispensable to the healthy operation of Parliamentary institutions, elements in some respects Conservative, in others Liberal, elements suppressed and almost overwhelmed in three-fourths of Ireland by the pressure of the demand for the first rudiments of liberty, and therefore needing all the more the lead which the wiser and saner elements in Ulster can give. Those wiser and saner forces, we hope, will make themselves felt during the controversy that is to come. We trust to them to make clear what the Irish Protestant case really is, and to dissipate the vaporings of rebellion by a reasonable and considered plan for the due protection of minorities by such safeguards as are compatible with the general principles of national self-government.

THE SPY AND THE FORT.

PUBLIC opinion alike in Germany and in England has accepted the incident of the two British spies with commendable good-nature. The chance that brought a German spy—a very little one—into the British courts about the time when Captain Trench and Lieutenant Brandon were facing their preliminary interrogation robbed their affair of the angry stuff which it might otherwise have generated. Both Powers had been caught in what is apparently a normal and not infrequent diversion. If the British spies obtained any valuable information, as apparently they did, and proposed to put it to any practical use, as presumably their superiors must have done, that use could only have been to work out the details of an attack on the home defences of the German coast. If the German spy, more artless in his methods and much less serious in his scientific purpose, had reason to believe that the information which he hoped to glean would be welcomed by the German Staff, once more the only purpose which this information could have served would have been to facilitate a raid or descent upon the English coast. If either of these discoveries had been made in isolation, it is tolerably certain that the injured nation would have indulged in a momentary spasm of anger or panic. But as things have turned out, the plain man has only shrugged his shoulders, and comforted himself by repeating the old commonplace that it is the business of soldiers to prepare for every eventuality. A German officer, if he takes his profession seriously, must work out the

academic problem of a descent on England. An English officer must consider every step which the navy or the army, or the two combined, might take, in the event of war, to hamper the enemy's movements, and to force the fences which he has built round his more vulnerable and vital centres of industry and population.

It is the current saying that every War Office in the world keeps in its pigeon-holes plans of campaign against every other Power. In a sense, that may be true. We can believe that it is part of the work of the young officers in a staff college to elaborate paper plans for hypothetical campaigns against States with which we never conceivably can be at war. But we should be surprised to hear that any great pains are taken to make these plans particularly realistic, or to obtain the data for them by means which would involve expense and risk. We are fairly sure that promising officers would not be encouraged to compromise their own careers and to offend public opinion by spying out the fortifications of Brest. We doubt whether they would go surveying for a summer holiday in Norway or in Italy. The keenness which will face four years' detention in a fortress to obtain details of the German coast-defences is something more than an academic zeal, and is inspired by some estimate of probabilities that lies outside the purely professional interests of military science. It is a prudent instinct that prompts us all to draw such inferences as sparingly as we can. Anglo-German relations are improving, and none of us wish to check the ripening of cordiality by too much insistence on such an incident as this. To most of us this game of spying seems a comparatively harmless childishness. It savors of the "Daily Mail" serial and the Saturday diversions of the boy scout. To two nations absorbed in the real work of life, it is at a first glance merely amusing that each has its little group of well-fed, fully-grown men, who, in time of peace, are playing in grim earnest and at considerable risk this elementary and meaningless Red Indian game. But that mood may be indulged too far. The game is apparently serious, and the danger which it reveals ought not to be taken too lightly.

There has come simultaneously an even graver reminder that we are all living in Europe to-day in an armed camp. With the full meaning of that commonplace we are sufficiently acquainted in the case of the Greater Powers. They have their reward in the sweets of dominion and the vanity of conscious strength. But when a little nation, which cannot dream of aggression, and sees in armaments only a burden, is driven in its turn along the same path, one realises that only danger and fear and pressure can be the explanation. The Defence Bill which will come before the Dutch States General in the coming session seems to imply on the part of the Dutch military authorities, at the least, a sharpened sense of peril, and, at the most, an ambiguous conception of the place which the Netherlands hold in the European parallelogram of forces. It provides for some fresh expenditure on the navy, and for a considerable expenditure upon the fixed defences of the Dutch coast. If that were all, it would be a matter for regret and even for sympathetic regret, and not at all for criticism. In the actual state of Europe every nation has the right

to strengthen its defences, and it is clear that most of this money will be spent on forts which can serve no purpose but defence. Holland has no enemies, though her history is one long reminder of the ease with which the most innocent State may find itself involved in the quarrels of its neighbors. But the singularity of this Defence Bill is that it proposes to strengthen the coast defences which already are strong, while it leaves as they are the land defences, which are known to be extremely weak. The sea-defences face England. The land-frontier marches with Germany. The inference seems obvious that the peril which Dutchmen fear comes from us, and not in any circumstances from Germany. There can, of course, be no suggestion of any aggressive design on our part against Holland. The whole question turns on the uses which a belligerent might make of Holland amid a European war. It was common rumor that Germany had hinted very bluntly to Holland that she ought to put her defences in order, and this may have indicated a fear that in an Anglo-Franco-German war some use might be made by a descent on Holland of her territories as a base from which to threaten the Eastern frontiers of Germany. Our own Jingoese choose rather to think that the Germans might invade Holland and use it as a friendly base from which to threaten our coasts. In either case the Dutch precautions are susceptible of a perfectly innocent defence. The Dutch must necessarily desire to protect themselves from any exploitation by either side. Their weakness might tempt either belligerent, and a Dutch correspondent explains the motive of the coast-defences in this way in the "Times." Germany, he argues, might pretend that Holland is unable to defend herself, and on that pretext occupy her territory. Hence her determination to show that she can be her own warder. The explanation, unfortunately, does not cover the more questionable feature of the Dutch plans. The fortification of Flushing in such a way as to command the channel of the Scheldt and the approach to Antwerp, can only be meant to prevent this country, which has, with France, a right to protect the neutrality of Belgium if a belligerent Power should seek to occupy its territory in time of war, from landing troops at Antwerp. It is this item in the Dutch scheme which lends color to the suggestion that Holland is reluctantly acting under German pressure, and that she has ranged herself in some sense as a semi-attached auxiliary of the German Empire.

The gravity of such suspicions as these lies not so much in the prejudice to our defence that they would involve, if they were to be substantiated, as in the evidence which they convey of the restlessness and instability of the European balance of power. For our part we cannot bring ourselves to treat the danger seriously. In case of war we are convinced that Germany would find it more to her advantage to keep Holland as a neutral doorway, inaccessible to blockade, and always open to her commerce, than to use Dutch territory as a base for warlike operations. Rotterdam is in effect a German port, and if Hamburg were to be closed as an incident of war, Germany would have everything to gain by keeping the Dutch ports open. But

the mere fact that doubt is possible, and that such possibilities must be seriously faced by the Dutch, the Germans, and ourselves, is a sufficiently pungent criticism upon the stability of the world's peace. The competition of armaments does not end with the squandering of millions. It throws its shadow upon every diplomatic problem, and poisons our relations even with the least offensive and least aggressive of peoples. We need not deprecate the stirring of such controversies as these, if they have the effect of forcing sane men to face the necessity of an early arrangement with Germany. The real issue lies not at Antwerp or at Borkum. It centres in the constant rivalry to win exclusive spheres for commercial expansion in the East. The way to keep our spies at home and to make the Dutch coasts safe is to come to a working arrangement over Bagdad and Mesopotamia. If that arrangement is sought on the basis of mutual co-operation, it will assure peace, and safeguard the independence of Turkey and Persia. If, on the other hand, diplomacy on either side is bent on defining exclusive spheres of influence, it will but state the terms of an insoluble problem. It would, even were it successful, add only to our Imperial commitments and our military necessities.

THE OFFICIAL CASE AGAINST CONSCRIPTION.

We are glad to see that Mr. Haldane has thought it necessary to come out with a formal and very powerful official pronouncement against Conscription, and to recall to some elementary sense of propriety those officers and citizens who have been endeavoring, by public and private effort, to seduce members of the Territorial Force from their duty, and to enlist them in a hostile service. The step has not been taken one moment too soon. We were never in love with the organisation which placed the handling of the Territorials under the Lords-lieutenant and the county gentlemen. The plan was ill-adapted to the social and economic changes which have made volunteering a town rather than a country movement. It has not succeeded. Some of the county gentlemen have worked hard and with effect. But others have been almost openly disloyal, for a singularly mean private reason, to the responsibilities which the late King personally laid upon them. And, in disregard of this obligation of duty and honor, members of the National Service League have been engaged in undermining the zeal of Territorial officers and pledging them to a policy which involves the failure and eventual disbandment of the force. It was high time, therefore, to recall to the nation the clear and, in our view, the unchallengeable reasons which make for the preservation of the voluntary system and against all forms of compulsory service. No political interest underlies any such process of enlightening the mind of the country. If there is one thing certain in British politics, it is that any party which bases itself on forced service is permanently excluded from power. Liberals may make a shrewd guess that Protection has already ensured them a good ten years of office. They may well double this period when they see Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Balfour's successor, writing

up Conscription on the banner already encumbered with one device of hateful memory.

There is, indeed, a reason outside the sphere of home politics for affirming our adherence to the voluntary system. The position is being seriously misunderstood abroad. M. Paul Deschanel has just published in the "Temps" an article on foreign affairs which shows how far this misconception has gone. M. Deschanel belongs more to the sphere of literary than of real politics. But he is Reporter of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and this position secures him a wide platform and an important audience. In our opinion M. Deschanel entirely misdescribes the French *Entente*, and its Russian annexe, when he represents it as binding us down to a definite, concerted scheme of policy with the included Powers, and as shutting us out from all real freedom of action in regard to the excluded Powers. If this is British policy, the Liberal Party will never accept it. He goes still wider of the mark when he suggests that the necessity of accommodating our defensive arrangement to this new "Continental system" is recognised by Mr. Haldane, in common with Mr. Balfour, Lord Roberts, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Charles Beresford—and Mr. Blatchford! We wish to be respectful to an accomplished Frenchman, but when M. Deschanel catalogues Mr. Haldane not merely with Lord Roberts—who is a soldier without any political reputation—but with Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Blatchford—who are merely political "sports"—he puts himself out of court as a critic of our affairs. The only point of seriousness arises when the Reporter of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the French Chamber supposes that any concerted movement towards the Continental system of armed service exists to-day among our statesmen of credit, or could be improvised under any conceivable British Ministry, Liberal or Conservative.

The reasons forbidding any such development are cogently stated in the little volume on "Compulsory Service," lately issued by Mr. John Murray, in which Sir Ian Hamilton's detailed examination of the subject in the light of our established military system is enforced by a very clear introductory statement by Mr. Haldane. There is nothing unfamiliar in this statement. It expounds the traditional view of the functions of the British Army, as successive War Ministers, Liberal and Conservative, have conceived and expressed them since the days of Lord Cardwell. But it contains a supplementary point of some consequence. We are not warm partisans of the Committee of Imperial Defence. But at least it sets up and hands down a body of continuous and authoritative doctrine to which the leaders of both parties are committed. Mr. Balfour, indeed, is more closely involved than anybody else, for he founded the Committee and set it going. Mr. Haldane, therefore, is fully justified in claiming, as he does claim, Mr. Balfour's full authority for what he calls the "fundamental conclusions" of the Committee. Mr. Haldane names those conclusions with much precision. They depend, of course, precisely on that "insular" system which, according to M. Deschanel, we are ready to abandon. In a word, we begin and end

with the command of the sea. That is the pivot of our Imperial strategy and our home defence. Therefore, as we think of the Navy first, we think of the Army second, and in relation to the more urgent side of the problem. In other words, we shall never try to constitute a military force which will trench on the maintenance of sea-power, and we shall only call for such a force as can be used in conjunction with the Navy. There are limits to the economic and political sacrifices of a modern democracy in the cause of defence, and we, who maintain the greatest Navy and the largest expeditionary land force in the world, have definitely reached them. We look to the Navy to maintain the Empire and to save us from invasion, and we require auxiliary contingents for complementary service on land. Thus, for oversea work we employ a highly-trained professional army, which can act when the Navy has cleared the seas, and for home defence we use a force large and efficient enough to deal with such a hostile contingent as may reasonably escape the attention of the Navy.

The real problem ranges round the second of these considerations. The Indian Army, the foreign garrisons, the expeditionary force—we shall always have, and it is obvious that this body must be raised on a voluntary basis. It may be a little larger or a little smaller, it may be fed by the system of linked battalions, or through *dépôts*, and within these limits our rival schools of military science and practice will always quarrel on this or that point of organisation. But so long as we keep India in the Empire, this is a fixed point in the Imperial circle. The more open question is as to home defence—the defence of our island power. Broadly speaking, we face a simple dilemma. If the Navy is destroyed we starve and surrender, and a million conscripts will not save us. But so long as the Navy exists in force, the country is safe from everything but a casual absence or accident, which might let in a raiding expedition of limited strength. The possibilities of this enterprise have been greatly enlarged in the course of a set of singularly timid calculations. Finally, the Committee of Defence seem to have admitted the bare chance of 70,000 men getting through and landing. It is a very liberal allowance; a competent critic—"Master Mariner," in the "Contemporary Review" for February, 1909—seemed to us to demonstrate that no such force could possibly escape the fleet. But it is the maximum which even Mr. Balfour and his colleagues have allowed for.

The proposition of the conscriptionist is that such a body can only be dealt with by a forcible levy in mass of the whole population. The proposition of responsible statesmanship on both sides is that under the Territorial system, *plus* the Regular Army, from 400,000 to 600,000 men should, broadly speaking, be available for resistance. If the attack were sudden, the resisting force would be larger, and the stiffening of regulars—including the flower of our professional soldiery—more considerable. If it were delayed, the 300,000 Territorials would be more highly trained. This is the whole *crux*. There is no other. There never will be any other, unless we deliberately organise this peaceful trading nation, by

the methods of the drill sergeant, into a force on the Continental model, or into a huge national militia—"a monstrous agglomeration of half-baked conscripts," as Sir Ian Hamilton calls them. Both plans would in different degrees endanger the recruiting for the regular oversea army; both would qualify the pre-eminence of the Navy. Both would apply to the problem of sea-defence machinery adapted only to land-defence. Both confuse our need for a small "long-range" offensive army, to which voluntary recruiting must be applied, with the Continental need for a huge "short-range" force, which, again, can only be raised by conscription. If Frenchmen or Russians build on a change of conception, they build in the air. We shall change when the Channel ceases to wash these shores, and not before. Our military policy is a piece of simple empiricism, to which the heads of the two political parties are equally committed, and which they have quite recently worked out afresh in secret council, and proclaimed abroad as their joint conviction.

FOREIGN INVESTMENT AS A CIVILISING POWER.

IN the great work of practical internationalism, the discovery and development of the resources of the world for the benefit of its citizens, Great Britain has always claimed to have played a conspicuous part. Her work as explorer, colonist, administrator, trader, missionary, seaman, has during recent generations been greater, more various and more effective than that of any other civilised people. Her sons have gone out freely into all parts of the less-developed world, placing their ability and labor-power at the service of the backward races. Their motives in these undertakings have, indeed, been mixed. Most of them were led, not by philanthropy, or any sense of a "mission," but by love of adventure and change, the pursuit of fame or power, or more commonly by the search for employment which would yield a livelihood. But the greatest of our recent contributions to the material processes of world-civilisation has received little attention. A comparatively small fraction of the new labor which our population yields flows over-seas for occupation. But an enormous and a growing proportion of the new capital, which represents our savings as a nation, seeks and finds investment in the Colonies and in foreign countries. The British investor in modern times is doing more than the emigrant, the traveller, the trader, the carrier, to build up, standardise, and secure the material and, indirectly, the moral fabric of world-civilisation.

In the important paper which Mr. George Paish read last week to the Statistical Society upon the subject, it appears that during the last three years our investors have supplied to the Colonies and foreign countries no less a quantity of new capital than £455,000,000, representing in all likelihood nearly one-half of our aggregate savings during that period. This year alone we have supplied £165,000,000 through the avenue of Government and company investments, a sum which takes no account of considerable quantities of private

advances. Rather more than half the investments for these years have gone to foreign countries, the United States being the largest recipient, Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico coming next, the only large European borrower being Russia in respect of last year's loan. Inside our Empire, needless to say, Canada exercises the strongest attraction, receiving nearly as much of our new capital as the rest of the Empire put together, or over a hundred millions in the three years. Taking a still wider time survey, Mr. Paish arrives at some figures which fairly stagger the imagination. The net total of our investments abroad he puts down at the round figure of £3,500,000,000, allowing for private capital. Of the capital invested through Governments and companies, a little over one-half is in foreign countries. The greatest of our creditors by far is the United States, whose borrowings are computed at £688,000,000. If we consider the geographical distribution of investments, we find that fifty-three per cent. of the aggregate lies in North and South America, as against sixteen per cent. in Asia, fourteen per cent. in Africa, twelve in Australasia, and two in Europe.

The greater part of this British capital has gone into the construction, improvement, and equipment of railways. We have been the great road-makers of the world. Even in Europe, though little of the railway capital upon the Continent now remains in British hands, we rendered invaluable assistance in the earlier period of construction. Five-sixths of our capital in the United States still lies in railway enterprise, and the vast sums which Canada and South America are drawing go mainly to this work of road-making. The same is true of India and of most parts of the Empire, except the Transvaal, where mining has occupied the leading place.

The civilising influences, direct and indirect, of this process, in which, after all, Great Britain is only the chief pioneer, are obvious and of the first importance. On the part of the backward countries, needing the aid of foreign capital, it has tended more than any other cause to promote internal security and good government. For a high rate of interest, or, worse still, the refusal of capital, is a crushing penalty to pay for disorder or dishonesty. As creditor companies are under this strong motive to preserve the goodwill of investing countries, so the latter are interested to promote the material and moral well-being of the former. This growing ownership of property by the citizens of one nation in the country of another is the most substantial contribution, not only to the peace, but to the active goodwill of nations. Though England has been more adventurous than other peoples in this work of staking out properties in other countries, every other industrial nation is following in her wake. The stress laid upon nationalism, and in particular the development of protective tariffs, have tended to obscure this play of the forces of modern capitalism. For, in the long run, tariffs must prove flimsy barriers against the persistent, powerful pressure of borrowers and lenders, whose advantage it is to convey capital from one country to another and to find the necessary means of paying the interest on their loans.

For Great Britain does not serve humanity for

nought, nor does any nation whose citizens embark in this civilising process of foreign investment. Means must be found for paying large annual sums due to investors. This interest, if it is not re-invested abroad, must come home to the investing nation in the shape of imports. Even if it is re-invested, the process of paying interest in goods is only postponed to be enlarged, for the sole motive of the investor is to force a back-flow of imports in order to pay his interest. How shallow, then, is the notion that the cause of protection and national isolation represents the dominant tendency in history to-day! If there were no other direct trading interests promoting international exchange, this demand of the poorer and the backward countries for capital from the richer and advanced countries would suffice to force trade across the barriers set up by short-sighted politicians or trade interests.

It is true that this, like other world-movements, has its disquieting aspects. There is, indeed, no foundation for the fears, prevalent in some quarters, lest foreigners should be getting the capital we need for home development. For there is no reason to believe that any solid British industry, promising a reasonable rate of profit, is inadequately supplied with capital, or that our national wealth would, in the long run, gain by any policy which impeded the fertilising stream of British capital from flowing freely over the outer world. But the growth of considerable classes in this country living upon foreign investments, in the administration of which they can take no real part, is a novel and disturbing feature of our civilisation. For it appears from Mr. Paish's estimates that something not far short of one tenth of the whole income of this nation comes to it as interest upon over-seas investments. The classes that receive this huge annual payment of a hundred and seventy or eighty millions, though forming a very small fraction of our population, exert, by this wealth and its expenditure, an enormous influence upon the life and industries of the nation. For though this interest doubtless comes into the country in the shape of foods and materials of wholesome industry; it enables its recipients to divert vast stores of British capital and labor into the production of luxuries and of luxurious services. In other words, when concentrated in comparatively few hands, it forms the economic basis of a class parasitism such as this generation has seen spreading through large tracts of pleasant country in Southern England. Effective and safe internationalism must stand upon a basis of abiding mutuality of services. If the money our well-to-do classes invest abroad is too easily got at home, and if the interest it brings them enables them to live in idleness and luxury, with an enfeebling influence upon the dependent classes, much of the beneficent results of this world-distribution of capital may be spoiled.

WHAT THE ELECTORATE IS LIKE.

LIKE many others, I have spoken during the Election in a number of constituencies. Having no contest myself, I assisted candidates in Scotland, the North of England, London, the Home Counties, and the West. In each case I have had opportunities, in addition to

actual meetings, of talking to candidates, organisers and electors. This has had the effect of bringing the whole electoral field into clearer focus, and has afforded a good opportunity for studying cause and consequence. In the total result there have been changes and a few surprises, but an absence of anything particularly sensational. Had the Liberals been defeated, or had they doubled their majority, it would have been very puzzling to discover what swayed our rather stolid and unemotional electors within the short space of ten months. As it was, the country seems to have recognised that the issue was very much the same as in January last, and they have merely repeated with equal emphasis their opinion in a deliberate and characteristically British way. Some thought that, owing to the lack of a policy which could unite the Tories and in view of the hopeless confusion in the ranks of the Opposition, the country would turn against them far more decidedly than it did last time. But the truth is that the electorate does not concern itself much with the domestic quarrels of an Opposition. It looks to the performances and projects of the Government, and it is an exacting, critical, but fairly shrewd judge.

I have been chiefly struck by the extraordinary variety of types and conditions of men to which politicians have to appeal. And therefore the appeal must often seem clumsy and indiscriminating, a constituency being treated as if it were a compact homogeneous mass instead of a broken-up, heterogeneous, and arbitrary division of the population. But it is difficult to see what other method of dealing with them could be adopted. People with like interests and like susceptibilities cannot be detached and addressed in united sections.

There are many different classes of electors—quite apart from any social classification of rich and poor, employers and employed—and they all exist in varying proportions in every constituency. The experienced agent will know approximately their numerical value in the division under his control, and will attempt to reach them and deal with them according to their particular attitude of mind. Probably they may be divided into six categories: the convinced, the moderate, the timid, the indifferent, the ignorant, and the corrupt.

The convinced are those who have studied and discussed political questions to the best of their ability, and have formed a distinct opinion. They have made up their mind as to what the country wants, and sometimes their own personal experience repels them from or attracts them to some particular proposal which is before the country. Their judgment is rational and not emotional. They constitute a very large proportion, specially in the constituencies in the North. The notable difference between a northern audience and a southern audience is due to the former being composed predominantly of this class, and the latter only containing them in a very mitigated degree. Generally speaking, the former will be attentive and critical, and only moved to enthusiasm with good reason. Whereas the latter are more easily distracted, and look out for catch-cries in order to indulge in rather hysterical applause.

The moderate and the timid sections are important because they can often turn an election one way or the other. They are suspicious of any great change, and easily frightened by scares and bogeys. It is extremely difficult to say what sways them, but the carefully reasoned advocacy of some reform may often turn the scales of their hesitating balance. "I disagree with many of your measures," one elector said to me, "but your proposals for dealing with the Lords' Veto seem to me only fair." A candidate who wants to play up to the stalwart and more extreme section of his supporters often loses many moderate votes. At the same time, if he did not openly express his sympathy with an advanced programme, he would be by no means sure of securing moderate support. In the south and west there is a sufficiently high percentage of these waverers to swing majorities backwards and forwards.

The indifferent, I am glad to say, are not a very large section. Finding their own lives unaffected by political changes and being devoid of any public spirit, they look at politics as "a foolish game." There are

many more of them in the well-to-do class than in the working class. If they can be induced to vote at all they will vote Conservative, as they believe it commits them to nothing. They are just as blind to the dangers of reactionary tendencies as they are to the benefits of progressive advance. "I don't take much interest in all this," was the typical comment of a Home Counties elector, "but we might have a change. There always seems to be a lot of fuss when the Liberals are in." On the whole they are a negligible quantity, and too much energy is often wasted on them. Canvassers struggle over them unless they ward off the constant series of visits by saying "Yes" to both sides.

The ignorant electorate, which prevails more largely in the south, is characterised by an entire lack of political conviction, but, nevertheless, it is an interesting study. Not long ago many of these electors could not have said which Government was in power, or who was Prime Minister. But the great progress of social and domestic legislation of late has brought politics right into their homes, and they are gradually becoming educated in spite of themselves. They vote in large numbers, but they are pawns in the game and are completely at the mercy of the various forces which are brought to bear on them. Politically they are impressed by nothing, except perhaps a telling cry which really conveys some meaning to them if repeated often enough. But the personal influence of those to whom they feel they are expected to show gratitude and respect is by far the strongest element in determining the complexion of their vote. Large county areas not very thickly populated, with residential districts but without any industrial centres, produce large numbers of this type. The units are isolated, there is very little association or interchange of ideas between the electors, and the domination of squire and parson is naturally assured and easily exercised. Bands of ignorant voters are driven to the poll, in the moral sense as well as in the physical.

Little need be said of the corrupt electorate. They still help to win a few seats. But whether the incentive is pure money bribery, beer, or blankets, does not signify. The whole blame should not fall on them. The urchins who pester one for half-pence in Italian towns are not displaying any national characteristic, because they never behaved like that till the English tourist came along. It is the briber, not the bribed, who is the culprit. In some small boroughs bribery is such a deeply ingrained tradition that nothing can stop it until petitions, founded on reasonable suspicion, are paid for by the State.

This does not exhaust the various types: it is only a general survey of the chief classes. There are isolated individuals who attribute a great deal of importance to the personality of the candidate, and would rather vote for a man of ability who differed from them, than for a weak candidate who agreed with them. And, further, there are those whose whole interest is centred in some minor question, and who will transfer their vote to whichever candidate gives them the most satisfactory reply on that one point.

As to electioneering methods, it is difficult to decide how far meetings influence elections. Too much importance is often attached to frequent meetings composed entirely of supporters, which are really only necessary to rouse enthusiasm at the end of a contest. On the other hand, village meetings, where both parties are represented in the audience, are of undoubted value. In some cases, however, I found these meetings spoilt by the schoolrooms being filled with women and children to the exclusion of many of the electors. Leaflets issued fresh during the fight are helpful, and pictorial illustrations may add point to them, but I doubt if a single vote has been turned by picture posters, which I consider—and many agree with me—a childish waste of money. The organisation of the general machinery is, of course, of first importance, and much credit is due to Liberal agents in this contest for their foresight and activity, and for the successful way in which removals were traced from a stale register. The question of vehicles, that is to say motor-cars, is so serious, and acts in such an obviously one-sided way in favor of the richer party,

that I am inclined to think it would be well worth considering whether the conveyance of electors to the poll should not be forbidden as an illegal practice, a larger number of polling stations being set up for the convenience of those who live in remote districts.

As a whole, throughout the country, the interest taken in an election is very genuine, and the appreciation of the issues far more intelligent than is generally supposed. I met one man, a commercial traveller, who was spending 25s. on a railway journey in order to record his vote; I heard of another man who walked thirty miles to the poll, and many other instances might be given of the sacrifice of time and money in devotion to the cause. Everywhere I travelled the discussion in the railway carriage was of politics, sometimes just the sport of the election, but often a keen dispute as to the issues.

It only requires a judicious readjustment of our electoral system, the full extension of the franchise, which would not involve the enfranchisement of a new class, but merely augment the classes that already have the suffrage, with the addition of women; the abolition of the plural voter; the curtailment of unnecessary expenses; elections on one day, and a tightening up of the Corrupt Practices Act, to make our electoral system as nearly as possible a perfectly adequate method of ascertaining the people's will.

At present the obstacles which Liberals have to contend with are considerable. The fact, therefore, that in spite of these drawbacks a Liberal Government has been returned to power for the third time with a formidable majority is a notable triumph, and can be accepted by the party as a definite popular assurance that our policy, endorsed by the people—as even our opponents now admit—can forthwith be translated into law, without alteration, without hesitation, and without delay.

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

Life and Letters.

THE REVOLT OF THE PLAIN MAN.

WHEN man, who is primarily meant for action, devotes himself exclusively to meditation and study, it is inevitable that he should adopt a perverse and an artificial attitude towards life. Instead of accepting things and events at their face value, he probes and questions them, they no longer remain the materials with which he works, but become persistent objects of an interrogation in which each answer is but the subject of another question. At the apex of this treatment stands the professed and professional philosopher, who, piercing the superficial at a thousand points, and peeling off one covering after another, presents the ultimate Riddle of the Universe in terms of a "Reality" so abstract and so elusive that plain men can make nothing of it. It is in vain that the philosopher protests that he is only doing more thoroughly and systematically what every plain man is doing all the time, namely, thinking about things, and getting some order into his thoughts. The plain man's "plainness" consists precisely in his feeling that one must not think too much, or follow logic to its inmost lair, for, in this way, one is led into the valley of indecision, haunted by ghostly formulae, who lay thin, icy fingers on you, and paralyse all action. The plain man cannot usually defend his case, for, when it comes to argument, he finds himself worse off than the challenged party in fleshly duels, in that he has to fight with his adversary's weapon. For he is the "irrationalist" called upon to refute the claims of rationalism by reason itself. Such, at least, is the rationalist's claim, by which he steals the victory without the peril of a fight.

But the plain man is not so defenceless as he seems. Doughty champions are coming forward, trained dialecticians versed in scientific method, to wrest from logic itself a confession of its limitations as the guide of life. In a volume of essays entitled "The Alchemy of Thought" (Williams and Norgate), Mr. Jacks, the editor of the "Hibbert

Journal," presents the case against the excess of rationalism with great brilliancy, bringing to the plain man's aid the keenest weapons furnished by M. Bergson, the late Professor William James, and other philosophic assailants of extreme intellectualism. The usual lofty attitude of the philosopher, brushing aside mere intellectual flies, will not suffice to meet these carefully formulated charges. Mr. Jacks presses two main lines of criticism. In the first place, formal philosophy falsifies the Universe by an eviscerated presentation of Reality, and pretends that the chief business of man is the discovery and worship of this God-Substitute. The plain man is open to admit that all things are not what they seem: he has, indeed, enshrined the truth in his own wisdom. But that nothing is what it seems, that every first and obvious appearance is necessarily false, that the whole world of phenomena and experience is expressly arranged to dupe the senses, and to present the Universe as a great examination paper with catch-questions, seems to him a monstrous proposition. Nothing in this Universe, on this theory, exists for itself, or as solid fact, but only in order to be explained, and the deeper we dive beneath the surface, the bigger the contradictions and paradoxes we are invited to admire. "You tell us, for example, that the Permanent manifests itself as the Changing, the Universal as the Particular, the One as the Many. You are bold enough, some of you, to affirm that Freedom is revealed under the form of Necessity. We are given a Universe in which everything puts on the mien and livery of something else, and tries to pass itself off as this other thing, whose mien it has copied, and whose clothes it has stolen. Nothing deals with us intelligibly. It is a world of mistaken identities, so constituted that every excuse is provided for mistaking them." In vain the plain man protests that this is not what he means by Reality, that real things to him are warm, various, and manifold, not rigorously ordered, or reducible to a tight system. The philosopher retorts: "But it is what you ought to mean, for this Reality is what reason shows, and, as you are a reasonable animal, you ought to follow her." Now, it is at this place that Mr. Jacks comes to grips with Rationalism, urging that our main business in this world is not to find out riddles or solve problems, but to feel at home in the Universe, and to behave as if one were at home.

It may, perhaps, be said: "Why make such a pother about philosophy, which has usually 'kept herself to herself,' never seriously invading the domains of the plain man?" And, no doubt, this was true until modern science came to the reinforcement of philosophy, and proceeded to annex that human nature which lay as a vast hinterland behind the rising provinces of biology and psychology. Determinism, as a thesis of metaphysics, was harmless enough, but, applied to a science of education under the guidance of evolutionary formulæ, it threatened to abolish chance, instinct, faith, and every other principle of individual and social life. Then began to emerge the supremely important question, "Can Science do for man, in his dealings with himself, what it does for him in his dealings with Nature?" In the latter province, Science enables us to predict, and so control, future events. We can do this because of the "uniformity of Nature," because, in Nature, history repeats itself, the same sequences continually re-appearing. But it is quite evidently untrue that any science we possess of human nature, psychology, ethics, sociology, can enable us to predict or to control human action with anything like the same degree of accuracy. "Agreed," says the Rationalist, "but that is only because the causes and conditions in the human material are much more complex, while the sciences which deal with them are in their infancy. The difference is only one of degree, the scientific method is as applicable to human as to other nature. With more reliable statistics, larger records of historical facts, closer observation and experiment in conduct, we shall attain to a knowledge which will give the educationalist and the politician nearly the same control over human conduct that the chemist or the engineer wields over the physical forces of the Universe." It is to the refutation of this

view that Mr. Jacks devotes the greater portion of his argument. The difference between what science can do with inanimate Nature, and what it can do with man, is not, he urges, one of degree, but of kind. Inductive argument is only possible where the same set of causes and conditions recurs, or where any differences in them can be measured and allowed for. Now, in human conduct, this indispensable basis of inductive reasoning is absent. History never repeats itself, the present never exactly resembles the past, for the memory of a man always adds a new factor into what might otherwise seem a mere reiteration. The individual, or the collective, consciousness of man is never the same as it was before, for the very fact that it was something before is, itself, an element of change. So, no two human problems can ever be precisely the same, nor can any "law" be found for measuring and allowing for the difference.

Such is the kernel of Mr. Jacks's argument for the overthrow of psychology and scientific politics, as a guide for human conduct. We are convinced that he is right in regarding the revolt of the plain man against the reign of scientific regulation and of philosophic formulæ, as capable of justification by reason itself. But we confess to a certain fear lest the swing of irrationalism should carry the protestants too far the other way, and plunge them into a new obscurantism. To Mr. Jacks, for example, eugenics appears as a merely wanton interference with natural instincts, and all endeavors at the "manipulation," or rational control, of man, by education or statecraft, are dispraged. Now, though we agree that the attempt to foist upon the acts of conduct precise scientific formulæ must inevitably fail, we hold that Science can do something more for conscious striving humanity than merely furnish raw material for the creative spirit of the artist in life to work with. Even the painter takes from his scientific studies in anatomy or optics some valid rules of guidance, which do not fetter his creative skill, but improve it, and render its freedom more effective. So is it also with the art of living. "The future is always the free reconstruction of the past, not the imitation or the repetition of it." But that freedom can, and must, accept reasoned guidance from the experience of the past. The creative spirit, whether in man or in the wider operations of an ever mutable Nature, conforms to laws, and, so far as these laws are recognisable by human consciousness, they bind that consciousness by the very recognition of the order or "reason" they express. The rejection of the bondage of dogmatic Rationalism, with its dictatorial formulæ of evolution, does not justify us in reverting to a human nature that either "runs wild," or refuses to discover and apply for its direction such laws or regularities as it can find in past conduct. These scientific laws can never yield that certainty, and, therefore, exert that authority, which belongs to the laws of physics. But they are not so barren or so helpless for conscious guidance as the logic of the new irrationalism in its protestant stage sometimes represents.

DISASTERS.

THE feeling of the unhappiness of human life usually weighs most heavily on mankind in the presence of physical calamity of a dramatic kind, like an earthquake or a tidal wave, or some great derangement of the machinery of industry or travel. Such accidents, whether preventable or not, seem more terrible to us than the accustomed processes of disease and death; they appear to reveal a more pitiless government of the world. In reality, the hourly and minutely procession of disasters dwarfs these salient incidents; but when we hear of a mining township stricken at one blow, or of a father and mother forced to see their baby burn to death, the addition to his accustomed sum of sorrows o'ercrows the hopeful spirit of man. So far as his own blunders or ignorance are concerned with these tragedies, he does, indeed, experience a quick practical recovery. A bad

collision probably puts all the railway staffs in the country specially on the alert, and for some months at least this form of travelling is even safer than usual. The weak spot in the connection between man and natural law is set right or cobbled; inventiveness is not easily baffled, and, pricked by failure, we set ourselves to make locomotion at fifty miles an hour as harmless as progress at two or three. We are not even daunted into lowering the speed of express trains—although they often run needlessly fast—and, much as we fear a violent end, we seek to circumvent it rather than to run away from it. Thus, like soldiers or the lower animals, we soon recover from fright, and regain the measure of recklessness without which living would be one intolerable thought about dying.

In this way, therefore, humanity accommodates itself to the law of its being, which in no conceivable state of society offers it either painlessness or physical security, but does propose the continual mitigation of specific ills. In a sense, indeed, we are hourly incited to put our shoulders to the wheel, and push the cart out of the rut, and only if we had no such impulse, or if all such human effort were proved to be vain, could we sit down and say that God had abandoned the race of men. So long as we do not give up fighting coal-dust and fire-damp, or perfecting the block-system, or laboring to find the cure of cancer, we fulfil our destiny, and decline to go under. And in this sense we never do go under. We fully intend to make coal-mining as safe as farm labor, and infant life in Leicester as healthy as it is in Brighton. One day we shall approximate to an equality of these risks, and meanwhile we shall never cease trying. Sensational failures will simply spur us to new endeavor, the little science we know assuring us that a much more profound mastery of inimical facts awaits us in some not distant, and certainly not unattainable, future. Enough men will always consent to live dangerously, so that the mass may work more securely; and, indeed, if life continues to be thought a good in itself, there is no reason why its enjoyment should not be prolonged and spread over an ever widening surface of individual existence. Medical speculation undeniably offers such a prospect; and vital statistics, even in the fourth generation of city-bred toilers in the Great Industry, confirm its message.

Thus far, indeed, we seem relieved of a certain weight of hopelessness which hung over an earlier race of philosophers, when, like Voltaire, they moralised on horrors such as the Lisbon earthquake, and found little or no consolation either in the rule of Nature or the existing government of the world. That their opinion of the one order colored their conclusions about the other is hardly open to doubt. We, like them, look out on an ill-governed society, but we have a view and an horizon that were certainly withheld from them. The mass of irremediable ills has been reduced; and though science holds out to us vague new prospects of a catastrophic or miserable end to animal life on the planet, she has set us up with so many definite ameliorations of its present phase that these added alarms exist for the most part as speculative phantoms. The definite loss is, no doubt, the old theological notion of a limited universe, with the earth and man set precisely in its centre, as its crowning physical and moral attraction. On such points we have long ceased to dogmatise. We feel that we live in the immeasurable. But we have gained a sense of power over our destinies which more than consoles us for our inability to place ourselves accurately in a scheme of things planned after the manner of a Dutch garden.

What more, indeed, do we want, or are we likely to get, in the way of assurance about life? Not that man, who, for his sustenance or in his fancy, hourly devotes millions of other animals to pain and death, should himself go free, or that he should be spiritually soothed with plausible "explanations" of them. Not that sorrow, which is part of his life and of the scheme of things, should take to herself wings and fly away from regions where not men and women, but some lost tribe of lotus-eaters, may dream their lives away, or finally suffer Circe's metamorphosis into swine. Not that he

should be so pre-occupied with the idea of comfort as to forget the pit out of which he was dug, and the hardness of the great Mother that brought him up to be the tough and adaptable child that he is. Not certainly that he should imagine, with the poet, that because Pippa happened to pass unscathed through the dangers that beset her day's walk, all was right with hundreds of Pippas whose safety must depend on whether his own path had been duly straightened. What is clearly necessary to man is that he should have enough self-confidence to enable him to carry on the business of living, rebuilding his ruined homesteads after the earthquake has laid them low, and in the end building so cunningly that the next shock shall slay its tens where its predecessor slew its thousands. This he can attain to, and it is a sentimental pessimism which denies him the actual consolations and remedies that mitigate even the worst natural disasters or the most desolating bereavements. He must, indeed, endure the horrible, and school himself to the "frequent sight of what is to be borne." But, in the act of schooling himself, he realises that this circle of seeming inevitability needs to be and is being continually narrowed. Nearly all things are possible to him, especially if he will consent to live the life of reasonable faith. Like released Ariel, he can fly or he can run, so long as intellectual wings and the spirit of great adventure remain. If he puts all on mere safety, which in such experiences as those of average civilised existence he is apt to do, he is bound to suffer both shock and disappointment. But that is not and cannot be the average lot of mankind. Therefore, if suffer man must, his concern must be to suffer guiltlessly, for such suffering, acute as it may be, neither permanently saddens nor seriously enfeebles the human race. It even ennobles them. Out of such a wreck as the explosion in the Pretoria pit all kinds of salvage is being, and will be, set on foot by people whose everyday experience brings with it few opportunities of unselfish effort. So that even if we were to conclude that a spirit of darkness brooded over creation and made the sadness that we know, we should also have to confess that he did his work but ill, and that, in inventing pain and death, he failed to foresee and to stay man's victory over them.

GREECE AND THE ENGLISHMAN.

THE collection of poems which Sir Rennell Rodd publishes through the Clarendon Press and calls "The Englishman in Greece" will better have been called "Greece in the Englishman." For, of the many poets whose work he includes, probably less than half-a-dozen, counting Byron and himself, had really been in Greece or were inspired by the actual country. But Greece had entered into all of them, and of some hundred and thirty lyrics that make up the collection there are very few which did not arise from the breath of the Greek spirit, blowing in this alien land.

To most of our poets Greece has, indeed, never been more than a spiritual country—a scene existing only in the mind. She remained an imaginative region, partly because the danger and expense of the journey kept poets away in the old days, when the Turk still ruled in Athens. But there were other reasons why to many it appeared almost incredible that such a land should exist in reality. To some it appears almost incredible still, though Turks have gone, and brigands are scarce, and in five days the "Messagerie" boat from Marseilles puts into the Peiræus. Schoolboys of forty years ago, or even of thirty, used sometimes to read with eager amazement how Colonel Leake or some early traveller had actually visited Delphi, or penetrated the valleys of Taygetus, or seen the columns of Athene on Ægina. It appeared incredible that the very scenes of all that familiar and astonishing history, religion, and literature should actually still survive. Tourists may smile, but to some it appears almost incredible now, even though they have wandered through the whole land from Olympus down to Sparta.

Tourists, smoking in the "Grande Bretagne" of Athens and planning a picnic to Eleusis, may smile, but it is with that sense of amazement and awe, as at something incredible, that the poets have always approached

Greece. Byron, who knew her first and loved her best, often attempted to express the marvel with which one enters a land where every rock and bay is consecrated. "Where'er we tread," he says in "Childe Harold":—

"Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground,
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast dream of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon."

In Byron's time the land was still untouched by tourists and excavators, but in days of steamers and railways it was with the same spirit of awe that Oscar Wilde "stood upon the soil of Greece at last." There is the same sense that ached with gazing in his sonnet containing the lines:—

"From the steep prow I marked with quickening eye
Zakynthos, every olive grove and creek,
Ithaca's cliff, Lycæon's snowy peak,
And all the flower-strewn hills of Arcady."

Or again (to leave poets out of the question), it happened that the present writer was once travelling on business through Ætolia—a different country from the more historic parts of Greece, for it abounds in lakes and water-courses, and wide glades opening out in forests of ilex and Vonia oak, fit for Boccaccian adventures. And as he went, the narrow track was almost barred by ruins of massive walls and gates. A shepherd said the name of the place was Stratos; and at the word there came to mind the dim story of an Athenian detachment which once tried to penetrate into Ætolia, and at some place called Stratos was surrounded by the semi-barbarians, and destroyed. This, then, was the scene. Here those Athenians, who had heard Pericles and watched the Parthenon building, looked their last upon the sun. Here they were surrounded and destroyed.

The same wonder of association may be suddenly called forth in almost any part of the country, even in districts remote from the central life of Greeks. Projecting from the north into the plain of Thessaly stands a broad wedge of mountains that probably the Athenians never knew, except, perhaps, as part of the distant Macedonian frontier. Yet, looking north from those hills, one sees, on the right, Olympus, with the snowy seats prepared for gods, and, on the left, the whole range of Pindus, through which two gates lead over to Epirus and the Ambracian Gulf. And southward one looks across the plain where Phææ and Pharsalia were, to mountains that come so close to the sea at Thermopylæ, and shut out Thebes and the ranges leading up to the back of Parnassus. While at one's feet liquid Peneus still flows, to make its way between Ossa and Olympus down the vale of Tempe into the Thracian Sea.

It is impossible to separate such a land from its associations, but in itself it possesses a singular beauty. Here is nothing exaggerated or appalling in nature. From every point high mountains are visible, but they are not immeasurable or monstrous, and even those Olympian seats could be visited by any mountaineer who made arrangements with the commercial brigands at the foot. The whole country is "to scale," as though the land itself had observed the Delphian precept and shunned excess. On the terrible horns of ice Apollo moved, his arrows of death rattling upon his shoulders; and to the barren precipices of the Caucasus the Titan was clamped. But to the Greeks nature gave the strips of valley and plain between harmless mountains, where the soil is deep and the plough runs easily, where olive woods can grow and horses graze. Even the mountain solitudes, as at Bassæ, were visited for their healing air, and when the very wildest of the gods was encountered upon a mountain path, he usually presented himself as quite a friendly creature. Not that there is anything soft about the country. All is of the stern and masculine cast, strangely bare to eyes accustomed to the woods and ferneries of our sopping hills. Everywhere the fine skeleton of its rocky formation is displayed, unencumbered by the fleshly clothing of vegetation. And it is this general bareness of the earth that gives to Greece her peculiar brilliance and variation of color, because the crimsons and yellows in the light are not absorbed as

they would be by foliage or grass. At times the purple and orange of her landscape are as bright as in Africa.

But, unlike Africa, there are few days in Greece of cloudless monotony, and few places from which the sea cannot be sighted or suspected. Even in the calmest weather, lines of high, unmoving cloud may nearly always be seen, at least in the morning or evening, and, as a rule, the whole sky is full of shape and change. The bareness of the country has probably increased owing to long Turkish devastation, but the changefulness of the sky must always have been much the same, as we see from the Greek delight in clouds, and the exact knowledge of them in all poets from Homer to Aristophanes. So in Æschylus, the ideal of fine weather is not unbroken sunshine, but sunny days when winds moved lightly over Attica with wholesome showers, blessing the seed of plants and men. The sea, which is so deeply intermingled with the land, naturally shares this variety of sky, and assumes every hue, from its most characteristic amethyst to white on the one hand or black on the other—every hue except the turbid browns of tides and shallows.

"Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise," said Shelley, who never saw Greece himself. And such a country was the natural home of man, when he there reached perfection before the second Fall. The Niobe of nations she might be called much more fitly than Rome. For she could only be the mother of one offspring, and when they fell, no matter what Franks, or Venetians, or Turks, or Slavs attempted to take their place, they remained to her an indifferent crowd of foreigners and step-children. We cannot separate her soil from the memory of those men and women who, in a few years—a bare century and a half—reached perfection at every point, so that we may say that whoever touches Greece touches perfection, and whoever has not touched her has no knowledge of what perfection means. That is why we still approach Greece with a passion such as Pericles called upon the Athenians to feel for their city—the passion of a lover; and that is why, though some are described as home-sick for heaven, others are home-sick for Greece. To estimate her achievement would be to catalogue the greatest names in the history of intellect and imagination. To estimate her influence would mean rewriting the periods when, from time to time, intellect, imagination, and political or religious freedom have emerged in Europe's subsequent history. To her we owe the definite paths of thought, the standard in almost every art, and a preserving sanity amid the mysteries of kings and priests. Among all the marvels of history, the short-lived splendor of that race is the greatest marvel, and so it comes about that even the empty home which once knew them appears like some incredible land. In a too-daring comparison between our own race and hers, Swinburne, carried beyond the limits of patriotism, once wrote:—

"Ours the lightning was that cleared the north and lit the nations,
But the light that gave the whole world light of old was she:
Ours an age or twain, but hers are endless generations:
All the world is hers at heart, and most of all are we."

The splendor of Greece, whether in achievement or influence, the joy of her perfection in so many arts, and the attempt of succeeding generations to follow in her ways—all contribute to her glory. But at the back of the mind lurks the knowledge how dangerous is perfection when once it has been reached, and what a dead hand the imitation of Greek perfection has laid upon us all. How frigid our classic sculpture, how lifeless our classic dramas, how dreary the classic buildings usually are! With what unreality the classic symbolism and classic "machinery" have afflicted our poetry, sometimes for a century together! We have come to dread the appearance of a classic name or allusion as though it were a mask of death. We feel that we must wipe it all out and start fresh upon lines through which our own nature can be fulfilled and expressed—our own nature, and not another people's, though that people were the noblest in history. Greece did indeed attain to perfection, but since perfection was reached, it remains for us rather to worship than to imitate. For, as the Greek philosopher said, nothing can be done twice.

THE MODERN PEEP-SHOW.

SOMEWHERE in the gracious prolixity of "Wahrheit und Dichtung" Goethe describes, with much affectionate detail, how the Boy played with his sister at the game of puppets. The reminiscence takes its place superbly and greatly amid so much else which was of interest to the grandest egoist that the earth has yet had the honor to bear. Was there, indeed, any episode in his career that was not worth recording, save, indeed, the fact that he ran away at Valmy? Its significance, if we remember rightly, lay in this, that even at that tender age the author of "Egmont" and "Faust" displayed his genius for the theatre. But who does not remember the glories of these early sports? Peep-show or puppet-show belong to the greatest memories of the nursery. We never wholly outlive their glamor, we never quite overcome the furtive and regretful instinct that would carry us back to them again. Our own reminiscence is of a modest yet precious mechanism. It was a primitive peep-show, a thing constructed by an ingenious but absent-minded uncle whose performance was never quite so magnificent as his promises. It was nothing but a hand-box with a slit in the side, a paste-board wheel within that you turned from below, and an arrangement of blinkers set at a due distance which gave to its use a suggestion of mystery and solemnity. It had only one scene—the Lord Mayor's show, a gaudy painted scroll whose grandeurs day after day we caused to circle past the slit. We might as well have spread the scroll before us and gloated at our leisure over the gilded carriages and the knights in armor. But the peep-show gave us the illusion of life and the sense of power. The painted figures stood erect and they visibly moved before us. One after the other, in ordered sequence, they passed across that magic slit, and to see them between blinkers gave us we knew not what sense of privilege and secrecy. But the best of all was the sense of power that came to the child with the wheel. He could say to the Lord Mayor "Come," and he came, and play Centurion to the knights. A word of command and the great magnates of the City moved at a snail's pace. A caprice and a twist of the thumb and they raced past with a breathless and vertiginous celerity. We had our knights and aldermen at our beck and call. We enjoyed ourselves as Adam and Eve did in the Dutch paintings at the Hague when they marshalled the beasts before them and called them by their names. To run a peep-show is in some sense to perform an act of creation, to give impulse and life, to bring an ordered procession out of chaos.

It has been left to our time to discover all the latent potentialities of the peep-show. There was tragedy on a harvest-wain before the Greeks dug their theatre and built a scene. There were peep-shows at village-fairs before modern mechanism had evolved the present marvels of this form of art. But it has been reserved for the progress of the past two or three years to raise this entertainment to the level of the most popular of contemporary amusements. "Cinema" is the modern name. It is very well to banish compulsory Greek from Oxford, but we like to be classical in Leicester Square. "Electric Theatre" is no less Greek, and almost as mysterious, while it conveys even to the least scholarly mind the suggestion of some performance of a dazzling rapidity and modernity. These places dot the Strand as thick as public-houses. They jostle the music-halls for space in the inner City of Pleasure. They invade the suburbs. They clamber up to Hampstead Heath. What is the properest day to see a cinematograph? They are open every day and all the day. They know no pause. The relentless pageant of their glories unrolls itself before mid-day, and ceases only when the file of carriages has melted from before the Opera. The old peep-show boasted a certain individuality and variety. The modern peep-show has discovered the fundamental fact of the identity of human tastes. What the public wants is of all problems the simplest. It wants on the whole the same thing, and yet again more of the same thing. The peep-show that pleases Paris will be popular in New York or Berlin, and what the public throngs to see at Charing Cross will allure it at Brixton or Mile-

End. Two or three firms study its tastes from their conning-towers, and manufacture its pleasures wholesale. It is a stupendous thought that at the same day, and the same hour, the same films are turning in the same ritual order in ten thousand electric theatres, from Chicago to Berlin—and for all we know, from Moscow to San Francisco. Prophets have dreamed of a universal religion, and philosophers of a universal language. But here at last is the talisman that confounds Babel. The same laugh will run by parcel-post over the inhabited globe, and the same naive sentiment link unconsciously the hearts of nations whom politics sever in vain. To the habitués of these peep-shows no land can be foreign. Emigration has lost its pathos, and of the wanderers to distant climes it will be said "Coelum non cinema mutant." Armageddon might come to confound our intercourse, but still the same films would go out to delight hostile peoples, and in the intervals of warfare the embattled armies would simultaneously indulge in the same harmless recreation. The entertainment is as yet only in its infancy. Commerce alone has discovered it, and the genius of gain hugs its secret that human nature is unfathomably simple, and that all the world is kin. But there will come a great architect of opinion, who will teach the world to assimilate a single thought by the agency of the electric theatre. Napoleon used to send his orders to his caricaturists. Cecil Rhodes manipulated the telegraph. The conqueror of to-morrow will rule the nations through the cinematograph.

What is it that they flock to see, day after day, in patient relays that keep the turnstiles for ever moving and set the attendants their endless task of patiently filling the rarely vacant seats in the darkness of the busy room? For what do they desert the theatres and ignore the music-halls? Words are no vehicle to convey the artlessness of the modern peep-show. It is thought without language. It is life as the cat may see it, blinking, with one eye closed, upon her point of vantage. Language, be it never so simple, is always a generalisation. To use words is necessarily to think. But here you are passive and vacant. The Japanese on the seat beside you is at no loss to understand, and the Frenchman who cannot master English enough to ask for his ticket will miss nothing of the meaning of the dumb-show. There is physical humor, briefer than a pantomime, easier than a farce. Baffled policemen chase a sympathetic delinquent in and out of a window, and in and out again. A workman called in to repair a leaking gas pipe knocks over the chair on which he attempts to stand, and in every room of the house he repeats the same artless manœuvre. There is not even a pun to weary the brain, nor a rhyme to engage the ear, nor an allusion to plague the memory. There are novels in brief—a species of Bret Harte tale about two dare-devils in the Far West who love the same girl, and fight with Indians. There are no descriptive passages to weary the attention. The imagination is not fatigued to realise the bold features of the men, to conceive their pistols and their knives and their dashing cow-boy breeches, or to draw from memory a vague picture of the soft charms and coquettish movements of the girl. You see all these things without effort. What are words after all? They are all imperatives, so many commands to the brain, so many demands on the laboring conception. The reader, even of a boy's penny dreadful, must needs be a lesser Scott, a Dumas who requires only a hint to weave for himself his own romances. The electric theatre has made all the poor makeshift of words an obsolete and archaic device. It does your imagining for you. It saves you the labor of conception. "There on the rocky plateau, as the glorious sun of California cast its last rays upon the mountains, the bold cow-boy grappled with the naked limbs of the Indian, faced him with a defiance as murderous as his own, and plunged his own dagger in the recreant heart of the aborigine." Mere literature! What does it mean to the habitués of the electric theatre? Can he imagine for himself the rocky plateau or the Californian sun, or the naked aborigine, or the murderous glance? It would fatigue him to attempt it, it would baffle him to achieve it. He has no seething alembic in his simple brain

His imagination is not peopled with puppets which will dance when words pull the strings. He is the plain man for whom seeing is believing. The electric theatre is his library. While you sit bored and starving, crying out for words and ideas, he for the first time is tasting the delights that you have drawn since childhood from your books. There comes a fairy-tale upon the screen. You sigh for the verbal magic of Hans Andersen. But he for the first time is passing through the ivory gates whose hinges for you are cunning words.

We have most of us tried to imagine what the brain of the savage is really like inside. That is the real exploration, the only travel worth the labor. Captain Cook, who discovered the islands of the sea, was a poor adventurer in comparison with Gauguin, who has shown us with what eyes the men of Tahiti look out and see the world. But the literate man of books has more in common with the savage who delights in ballads, than with the plain man who frequents the electric theatre. The half-naked fellah, who listens with passionate interest to the rhapsodist's recitations in the market-place of Cairo, has an imagination which takes fire from words. The electric mind belongs to a yet lower order of civilisation, to the "dull and speechless tribes." It has survived the age of ignorance, and resisted the age of education. It is the majority. It is the normal mind. Its time has come at last. Words, as Bob Acres would put it, have had their day. The novelist of the future will sketch a series of scenes for the cinematographic artist. The Lord Acton of to-morrow will draft an historic tableau. And philosophy—philosophy must be content to offer a living picture of Heracleitus wagging an eloquent finger to represent the flux, while it inscribes above the restless curtain its comprehensive "panta rhei."

Present-Day Problems.

M. BRIAND'S EIRENICON.

Two months have elapsed since the great French railway strike disorganised the trade of Western Europe. It will be remembered that M. Briand broke it with the help of the conscript system, but it served as a salutary warning to the men in power, and demonstrated that the grievances of the railwaymen could not be stifled. Much has been done towards securing peace: the companies have granted a minimum wage of 4s. a day to the men living in the Paris district, and M. Briand has listened sympathetically to applications for the reinstatement of the dismissed strikers. Still the trouble has not been entirely settled: the *grève perlée* (a form of *ca' canny*) has for the last month been interfering seriously with the trade of Northern and Western France. On every wharf and in every warehouse the goods are piling up and remain undelivered because a sullen spirit has arisen among the railwaymen; the word has gone round that the workers are to "take it easy." Moreover, *sabotage* is rampant everywhere.

Obviously this condition of things cannot be allowed to last, and M. Briand, whom we must recognise as an able and resolute man, whatever we may think of his methods, realises this better than anybody. He has laid before Parliament four Bills of great importance; the scheme is so comprehensive and complex that it occupies two pages in the French morning papers: thus it is impossible as well as unnecessary to analyse it in detail. M. Briand's new Bills, however, contain principles and propose methods which are worthy of our attention, for France is not the only country to know railway strikes: we have ourselves been threatened, while Holland and Hungary (in 1903) and Italy (in 1907) have suffered dislocation of their systems. Substantially M. Briand attacks three problems, pensions, *sabotage*, and strike conciliation.

Sabotage need not detain us long. Destruction of railway material is indefensible, useless, and dangerous; M. Briand establishes a scale of penalties varying

between six months' and five years' imprisonment, which will displease none but the hottest heads of the *Confédération Générale du Travail*. As regards pensions, which were one of the main grievances of the men, M. Briand acts generously enough. It will be recalled that the strikers demanded complete retroaction for the law which comes into force next week, but this would have entailed upon the companies such heavy expenses that one at least would have seen its ordinary dividend vanish. The Government scheme establishes a scale of pensions under which the railwaymen will receive one-eightieth of their average salary for every year's service; it places a premium on thrift by increasing this amount to one-sixtieth for every year during which the beneficiaries may have subscribed to their companies' pensions schemes. In every instance the men's lot is improved: in the extreme case of thirty years' service the new scheme grants a pension of fourteen shillings a week, as opposed to one shilling under the old. The interests of the companies are protected, for the Government will guarantee their bonds free of charge, and supply one-third of the funds required; these are estimated at the moderate figure of £320,000 a year for twenty-five years. No doubt this will not entirely satisfy the railwaymen, but it should be observed that the grievance will automatically die out as the older men retire and the younger come within the scope of a more generous law.

The central point of M. Briand's scheme is, of course, conciliation. He lays down the debatable principle that arbitration must in future be compulsory, not optional. This is a striking departure, for Mr. Lloyd George's progressive system of mixed boards puts forth no such pretension; M. Briand can only defend that which smacks somewhat of tyranny by providing perfect arbitrators; we shall see further on how far he has gone in that direction. He establishes a primary court, the "Mixed Conference" of masters and men, but introduces (by inference) a provision of the highest importance: he does not specify that the men's representatives need be railway employees. This has long been a grievance in France as it was in England, where our railway directors, while retaining for themselves the services of solicitors and counsel, refused to meet the trained leaders of the trade unions. No doubt the "Mixed Conference" will settle certain difficulties; where it fails to agree, compulsory arbitration will step in. The arbitrators will be chosen on a complex system of sub-selection, for or against which there is little to urge: their names must, however, be taken from the official list, and it is here that difficulties may arise. They are to be elected by Parliament from among the following categories: Councillors of State, members of the *Cour de Cassation* (Supreme Court), members of the Hague Conference, Presidents of the Court of Appeal of Paris, chief civil judges, Vice-Presidents of the French Labor Council, members of the *Académie des Sciences*, and of the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. This is an imposing body; every precaution is taken to give both sides fair play by demanding from them unanimity in selection and from the arbitrators a quorum of a hundred per cent. But what are we to think of the eligibles themselves?

It seems that M. Briand has chosen elements far too conservative for the necessities of the case. French judges, who are badly paid and, therefore, very much in the hands of the Government, do not enjoy the confidence of the people; as for the members of the learned Académies, they are frankly obnoxious to them. The extreme importance of the *personnel* of the arbitration courts appears when we observe the great powers which are given them. Their intervention is compulsory, the right to strike is withdrawn, and incitement to its exercise punished by one year's imprisonment; a rebellious company can be compelled to execute their verdict by law; its charter can be cancelled; malcontent men may be dismissed on the spot. Powers such as these cannot be granted lightly; either they must be limited, or the list must be extended. Surely it should be possible to allow the selection by consent of employers who have shown themselves friends of the workers, men of the type of Mr. Lever, Mr. Cadbury, Lord Furness, &c., of trade

unionists such as Mr. Bell and Mr. Shackleton. M. Briand's list is altogether too bourgeois, and will lead the worker to doubt his good intentions. Other inequalities present themselves. For instance, M. Briand states that a company may be compensated by the State if it is injured by a decision, but he says nothing about compensating injured workers. From another point of view, too, his scheme shows some weakness: rebellious men will be dismissed, but, in the case of a general strike following on an unpopular verdict, will the Premier dismiss three hundred thousand men? This is impossible, for he would create chaos instead of remedying it. Presumably he intends, in such an eventuality, to set the military law into operation, to call the men to the colors, briefly to break the strike as he broke it in October last. This is recognised as a very unsatisfactory proceeding, for it creates the bad feeling conciliation is to allay. Progressives of all shades have before now expressed their disapproval of what is after all only a political subterfuge, a misuse of military power in an industrial dispute. Still, we must not be over-theoretical in our outlook; while M. Briand's "call to arms" was hardly legal two months ago, and could only be defended by a plea of expediency, the situation is altered by the introduction of compulsory arbitration. The new machinery may not in every case arrest hostilities, but it can go a long way towards settling grievances, for it will place upon those who rebel a heavy responsibility. Though it is still, in principle, impossible to agree to troops being used to break a strike, it is also impossible, in principle, to agree that any group of men, however legitimate their grievances may be, are entitled to arrest the industrial life of their country because they refuse to accept the verdict of a freely elected tribunal.

In the selection of the arbitrators, therefore, lies the eventual value of M. Briand's scheme. The strikers have gained a great deal of ground, pensions, the minimum wage in principle, recognition of their leaders; if M. Briand will accept the advice which will certainly be tendered him in Parliament, and bring his list of official arbitrators into harmony with popular opinion, his achievement will be signal and will substitute industrial peace for unending and destructive strife.

W. L. GEORGE.

Letters to the Editor.

GLADSTONE'S IRISH LEGISLATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In connection with your comparison of the proposed German Constitution for Alsace-Lorraine and the South African Constitution of 1909, it is of interest to recall John Bright's criticism of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1886.

That was, as you say of the Alsace plan, "a thing of checks and reservations," expressing "fears and hesitations."

Bright, in a conversation recorded by Barry O'Brien, having stated that he was afraid neither of religious persecution, nor separation, nor public plunder, said:—

"I object to this Bill. Persuade me that Home Rule would be a good thing for Ireland, and I would give you the widest measure possible, consistently with keeping the connection between the two countries. I would give a measure that would make it impossible for the two Parliaments to come into conflict. I would give Ireland a measure of Home Rule which should never bring her Parliament into close relations with the British Parliament. She should have control over everything which by the most liberal interpretation could be called Irish. This is a halting Bill. If you establish an Irish Parliament, give it plenty of work and plenty of responsibility. Throw the Irish upon themselves: make them forget England: let their energies be engaged in Irish party warfare. That is what a good Home Rule Bill ought to do. This Bill does not do it."

Gladstone's special (one may say personal) legislation for Ireland was not a success. His Land Acts of 1870 and 1881 were full of checks and reservations, and though they established great principles they failed of their limited objects.

The Land Act of 1881 was conceived in opposition to the expressed opinion of the Royal (Bessborough) Commission which preceded it, to the advice and demands of the Land League, to those of Irish landlords represented by such men as Lord Dufferin, O'Connor Don, A. M. Kavanagh, to the principles preached for years by English land reformers such as Bright, Cobden, Kay, and a host of competent experts.

Bright had pointed out that the worst possible way of curing the evils of Irish land tenure was by providing facilities for landlord and tenant to go to law with each other, and so for forty years Parliament has been largely occupied in considering and passing Irish Land Bills and Acts to the exclusion and detriment of much-needed Imperial legislation. Each Act was affirmed to be a complete and final settlement. Since the failure of Gladstone's Home Rule Bills the light thrown on their subject by the Financial Relations Commission, the operation of the Irish Local Government Act, the attempted Councils Bill, and the South Africa Constitution, and possibly, though not at all certainly, greater knowledge of Ireland and her people by English statesmen should make the drafting of an Irish Constitution easier than in Gladstone's day.—Yours, &c.,

MURROUGH O'BRIEN.

Killiney, December 26th, 1910.

HOME RULE AND ULSTER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Tory Party seems to be worked on the same principle as that on which a motor-car is propelled—by a series of explosions. The ordinary Tory is kept up to the mark by a continuation of nerve-shaking, heart-disturbing frights. Fear is the motive power of his party. In January last we had a German war scare, and there were people who actually saw German aeroplanes and airships hovering over our coast at various points. Since then we have been treated to numerous minor scares, which doubtless had the effect of keeping the nerves of the Tory rank and file in their customary shattered condition. The recent election came on so suddenly that there was no time in which to work up anything better in the cylinders of their Party machine than the "American dollar" explosion, which, as we know, carried the machine very badly through the election. Just now they are working up a civil war scare. Their yellow Press are endeavoring to horrify their followers with the idea of a rebellion on the part of the "loyalists" of Ulster. Considering that the election is over and that nothing is to be gained just now by making the hair of the ordinary Tory stand on end, this seems to be a sad waste of good material.

But, apart from the exigencies of the Tory Party, the question of Ulster and Home Rule is one of considerable importance. It is being dinned into the ears of the British elector that Ulster stands in the way. The Tories are screaming that that province is opposed to Home Rule and will not have it. The arithmetic on which this allegation is based is almost as eccentric as that which is the basis of the claim that the recent election has resulted in a draw between the parties.

Let me give a few figures. Ulster is represented by 33 members, and it will scarcely be believed that sixteen of them (that is, fifteen Nationalists and one Liberal) have been returned as uncompromising Home Rulers. Nine Nationalists and nine Tories were returned unopposed; and in the fifteen contests that took place, eight Tories and seven Home Rulers were returned. But the contrast is even more startling. In these fifteen contests the number of votes polled was 92,991, of which 44,710 went to the Liberal and Nationalist candidates, and only 48,281 to the Tory candidates. So that, leaving out of consideration the nine unopposed Tory candidates and the nine unopposed Nationalist candidates—who may be said to balance each other—the Liberals and Nationalists got more than 48 per cent. of the total votes polled, whilst the Tories did not get 52 per cent. And this is the province that is opposed to Home Rule!

The seven Liberal candidates who contested seats in Ulster fared rather badly. Only one of them—Mr. Redmond Barry, K.C., the Irish Attorney-General, who stood for North Tyrone—was returned. The other six candidates

were beaten, but, in most instances, by comparatively small majorities. In my own case in South Derry, the majority was only 333 out of a total poll of 7,357. In North Fermanagh it was 347; in South Tyrone it was 300; and in North Antrim it was 585. The two other seats fought by Liberals were North Derry and East Down. Although only one of these seven seats was won, the Liberal candidates polled an aggregate vote of 19,002 out of a total poll of 43,876. That is to say the Liberal candidates received 43½ per cent. of the votes polled, and held only one seat, whilst the Tory candidates received only 56½ per cent. of the votes polled, and held six seats.

This rather disastrous result is to be accounted for, to some extent, by plural voting; but in the main it is to be attributed to the reign of terror that was induced in these constituencies by a number of fanatical Presbyterian clergymen, and other firebrands, who were determined that the Presbyterian Liberals in Ulster should be intimidated from voting for the Liberal candidates. This system began with a fiery call to arms, delivered by the Rev. Dr. McDermott, in his mosque in Belfast, on Sunday, November 27th. In many instances Dr. McDermott's clerical followers made a personal canvass of those members of their congregations who were suspected of being Home Rulers. In every instance they "reasoned" with their people, whilst in many cases they did not scruple to base their appeal on personal and social grounds. The clerical influence that was thus exercised during the contest will have in the future an effect upon the interests of Presbyterianism in Ireland not contemplated by those who were responsible for it.

But other forms of pressure were brought into play. I have been given details of the use of intimidation and threats during the course of the fight in these seven constituencies that are of a shocking character. But in every instance the victims insist upon the information being regarded as entirely confidential. For reasons that everyone who knows the circumstances will understand, they desire that there shall be no publicity.

In some instances, those Presbyterians who had the courage of their convictions suffered physical violence, either in their person or their property. When all other forms of "persuasion" fails, the corner-boys who make up the old Order of the Orange Society are let loose upon the recalcitrants, and houses are wrecked and other damage is done.

These are the means that have been adopted to keep Ulster up to the mark. As a matter of fact, Ulster is no longer actively opposed to Home Rule. The knowledge that I have gained from my contest in South Derry leads me to believe that the great majority of the Protestant farmers and shopkeepers regard some change in the government of Ireland as inevitable, and are quite prepared to accept it. The only opposition now is from the few thousands of irresponsible rowdies who compose the old order of the Orange Society and the dozen or so members who so appropriately represent them in Parliament.—Yours, &c.,

W. J. JOHNSTON.

32, Elgin Road, Dublin,
December 27th, 1910.

COMPULSORY SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. C. E. Maurice requests vouchers for my reference to Mill. Here are his words from a letter to T. Cliffe Leslie, February 5th, 1871: "Many thoughtful people are now coming round to the Swiss system (of which Chadwick's school-drill forms a part), but the majority even of army reformers are still far behind. They are prejudiced against making military service within the country compulsory on the whole male population, chiefly because, for want of knowledge of facts, they have a most exaggerated idea of the time which would have to be sacrificed from the ordinary pursuits of life. . . . It will be an uphill fight to get a really national defensive force, but it may be a question of life and death to this country not only to have it, but to have it soon." There is an equally strong passage in a letter to Edwin Chadwick, January 2nd, 1871: "Our turn must come. . . . The perfection of a military system seems to me to be . . . to train the whole of the able-bodied population to military service."

Mr. MacLachlan would seem to stand on no real moral

basis unless he is ready to give up the principles of compulsion in education and taxation, and to repudiate physical force in our domestic police system as definitely as in our international relations. There is no real morality in refusing to let a British soldier shoot an invader while you encourage a policeman to fight with a burglar, and fall back on the strong arm of the law for the recovery of debts.

Mr. Bridge, in your issue of the 17th, bases his main argument upon a very dangerous and very popular sophism: While our navy is unbeaten we need no very efficient defensive army, and if our navy were beaten, no army could pull us through. The vice of this argument is that it treats *beaten* and *unbeaten* as absolute and mutually contradictory terms. Anyone may be beaten for a moment; but the question whether this defeat shall be merely partial or final and overwhelming depends mainly upon a nation's foresight in providing further lines of defence. Mr. Bridge's argument is, if I may use so trivial an illustration, like that of the Berlin cook who dropped a spoon from the fifth-storey window into the street and made no attempt to go down in search of it. "If it was one of missus's penny epsons, the thing wasn't worth the trouble; if it was a silver one, do you suppose that I should have found it by the time I got down?" Our present naval strategy is heavily, and perhaps fatally, hampered by the weakness of our home defences: our fleet would always be compelled to manœuvre with one eye upon our shores instead of concentrating itself upon the single purpose of striking swiftly and decisively wheresoever the enemy might be found. It is the old story of many lost games at chess, where an otherwise superior force of heavy pieces has been hopelessly paralysed by the necessity of reckoning at every move upon a single hostile pawn, which stands almost within reach of the last line on the board.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. COULTON.

Eastbourne, December 24th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Major-General Sir Edmond R. Elles's military life having been principally spent in India satisfactorily explains his want of accurate knowledge of the obligations an officer of Territorials lies under towards the King, and thus the letter in reply to mine fails to say either "yes" or "no" to my plain question.

That question was framed with a twofold object, the one to elicit from a military member of the National Service League, that is, one who understands the King's Regulations, whether in the event of compulsion being introduced into our military system, the conscript and his officer will be permitted to attend meetings at which questions of discipline, organisation, and administration may be discussed. General Elles says his League is not concerned with this, but that the electors will have to promulgate the Regulations. Merely to state this is to show how little the matter has been thought out before his letter was written. Why did not General Elles say outright that such meetings must be barred against officers and also against conscripts, as they are now against officers, but not against non-commissioned officers and privates of the Territorial Force when off duty and wearing plain clothes?

The other object I had was indirectly to show by my question how great a wrong the National Service League is doing to the morale of Territorial officers by enrolling them as members, encouraging them to attend meetings at which these prohibited questions are discussed, and, in some cases, engaging them as missionaries and organising secretaries. The Army Act makes a Territorial officer at all times subject to military law, thus he is precisely in the position of a Regular officer in regard to observing King's Regulations whether in uniform or in *mufti*.

None knows better than an Indian officer who has seen service in Egypt the importance of not disturbing the faith of the rank and file in their officers, and of the officers themselves in the force to which they are attached and for which they are responsible. How successful would General Elles's administration of the Peshawar District have been had numbers of his troops "in plain clothes" attended meetings, where their officers sat on the platform applauding speakers who told them the Army system was obsolete, that discipline was wanting, that insufficient drill caused cowardice,

and that mutiny was not unknown? Let the civilian population be canvassed in any direction the National Service League chooses, but do not tamper with the faith in themselves of the officers and men of an organised force. It is not enough to say that so-and-so many troops are insufficient, if, by saying so, such as we possess are disheartened and fall away. The best advertisement is a discussion across the floor of the House of Commons where all that is said is privileged. Missionary enterprises in country villages may gain subscribers, but will most certainly have a baneful effect on recruiting.

This letter and my question are addressed to the military members of the League, as the civilian members are not under the same obligation to the King to observe his Regulations in the spirit in which they are promulgated.—Yours, &c.,
A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

December 24th, 1910.

THE GOVERNMENT AND ADULT SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Nearly every word of eulogy and condemnation in your article last week, entitled "A German Ireland," could be used in dealing with the solution of the franchise question in Great Britain.

Mr. Asquith has now an opportunity for a "frank and generous application of Liberal principles," such as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had when he conceded self-government to South Africa. The Liberal Government is in a position to make a "great concession, burdened by none of the checks and exceptions which would destroy the grace of its gesture of confidence, and to make it so complete that there remained no motive for agitation or opposition." Will the Government "assume that trust which comes when it is bravely bidden," and introduce a great Reform Bill on adult suffrage lines? Or will its action be pusillanimous, like that of Germany at the present moment, in giving "grudgingly and ungenerously" a constitution to Alsace-Lorraine, "full of checks and reservations"?

Electoral reform, for both men and women, we are bound to have. The only question is, will there be attempts to patch and tinker, or shall we have a measure worthy of high statesmanship, removing once for all injustices and anomalies, and admitting women to their citizen rights.

It is "l'audace, encore de l'audace" which really pays in politics. The gift of full self-government to all British citizens would be a triumph for democratic principles, and put new hope and spirit into the democracy; it would change the unfruitful bitterness and hostility, created in women by a sense of wrong and inconsistency, into enthusiasm and fellowship, which would be a fruitful source of social well-being; it would make the House of Commons truly representative of the people; it would make political life saner and stronger, because purged of fundamental injustices.

The introduction of a Plural Voting Bill is rumored. The Conciliation Bill still has supporters. But more than the abolition of plural voting, or the enfranchisement of women occupiers, is wanted. The vote must be given on a definite and uniform principle. "Representation should not depend on irrelevant or transitory circumstances, such as the state of trade, the local housing conditions, the rents prevalent in a district, the divergent views of revising barristers, and the relation of the citizen to his landlord." The present law is indirect, uncertain, irregular, and weighted on the Tory side. Above all, it is flagrantly unjust to women. Adult suffrage will alone make it simple, certain, direct, fair to all parties, just to both sexes.

It would be felt intolerable that the franchise should be dealt with without giving women the vote. And it is womanhood suffrage we want, from every point of view. Are we, while doing away with bad franchise laws and conditions for men, to create them over again for women? If some women are to be shut out, which women are to be thus branded? The Conciliation Bill is dead as far as this Government is concerned, while any of the enlarging amendments proposed are unsatisfactory. For example: (1) If wives are enfranchised by means of a joint occupancy qualification, the possession of the vote will be dependent not only

on a husband's but a landlord's pleasure, and the woman with no money of her own would be held jointly responsible for rent. (2) Or, if an amendment should "deem wives to be occupiers" whenever their husbands were, then an injustice would be done by leaving unenfranchised the mass of factory workers, teachers, nurses, domestic servants, and shop-assistants, whose need for a vote is great; while the electorate would be so much enlarged that adult suffrage, with all its immense advantages, might as well be given at once. In 1832 and 1867, the electorate was more than doubled. Our political machinery could be made equal to any task adult suffrage would lay upon it.

What recent events have made clear is that democratic politicians do not favor any "limited" Bill—whatever percentage of working-class women it enfranchised—which they believe would play into the hands of the Tory Party. Would not the vote of woman occupiers as certainly be "a quaint system, penalising youth, and making for a Conservative domination," as the proposed franchise for Alsace-Lorraine? For women occupiers are mainly widows, and the proportion of widows over forty-five is five to one.

The whole question must be faced at once, for the second session of Parliament will be the latest moment for a Reform Bill to be introduced, taking into account the probability of its rejection by the Lords. Expert framers of Bills will find, with Sir Charles Dilke, that "the moment you have a Franchise Bill, you get into a parliamentary maze from which Adult Suffrage (for men and women) is as certain to be the only issue as household suffrage from that of 1866 and 1867." Pressure from all sides should immediately be brought on the Government, for, after the Veto and Home Rule, there is no measure before the country comparable in importance to an Adult Suffrage Bill.—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES.

11, Hampstead Square, N.W.

December 26th, 1910.

THE INDO-CHINESE OPIUM TRADE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Now that the Liberal Government has been confirmed in power it may surely be expected to lose no time in completing the task, well begun by Lord Morley and Sir Edward Grey, of wiping out the national disgrace of our "Imperial Drug Trade." No time is to be lost if we are to extricate ourselves, with any shred of credit, from the unhappy entanglement left to us by the Opium War of 1840, against which the young Gladstone so vigorously protested. Professor Werneck, of Halle, the well-known historian of Christian missions, once said to me: "The opium war is undoubtedly England's first (i.e., greatest) national sin; the Boer War is the second." Mr. Asquith's Government has made what atonement was possible for the latter; we look to it to do the same as regards the former.

Mr. Montague and Mr. Churchill have recently expressed, in addresses to their constituents, the Government's sympathy with China's "heroic effort" to rid herself of the opium curse. The latter read a memorandum prepared for him by the Foreign Office, which stated that "His Majesty's Government are as anxious as China to put a stop to the opium evil." These welcome declarations are, no doubt, perfectly sincere; but they are not likely to satisfy the Chinese, who look for deeds rather than words, and who complain that, in two different ways, we are not helping but hindering their efforts. First, by our adherence to the term of ten years, of which seven are still unexpired, for ending the export of Indian opium to China; secondly, by our insistence on treaty obligations, which limit their freedom to carry out their great reform.

On the first point it is clear that China has done much more than India towards eradicating poppy cultivation, notwithstanding enormous pecuniary loss to the cultivators and the obstruction of corrupt officials in some provinces. The two Western Provinces of Szechuan and Yunnan, which together produced more than half the entire crop of Chinese opium, have been practically cleared, as well as Shansi and Manchuria, which were also large producers. Mr. Marshall Broomhall, editorial secretary of the China Inland Mission, estimates that, after making full allowance for less vigorous action in some other provinces, fully 70 per cent. of the area formerly devoted to opium has been cleared of the crop.

This estimate is based on reports collected by him from some 300 missionaries in all the provinces of China, and supported by the testimony of British Consuls, Customs officials and travellers. The estimate of 25 per cent. reduction made by a "Times" correspondent at Peking (not Dr. Morrison) is manifestly unreliable, being based solely on Sir A. Hosie's investigations in three northern provinces, two of which were known to be backward in carrying out the reform. These provinces, however (Kan-su and Shen-si), as well as a third (Kwei-chou) are being rigorously dealt with this season. From the last-named, two correspondents of the "North China Herald" send reports of the drastic measures now being undertaken, and it appears probable that by next spring the reduction will be nearer 90 than 70 per cent. Meanwhile in British India the latest statistics show a reduction of not quite one-half in the area under poppy. As to the native states, no statistics appear to be available. No wonder the cultivators in Kwei-chou are reported as arguing "that while Indian opium is admitted into their country they ought to be allowed to cultivate their own." No wonder that China's National Assembly, now meeting for the first time in Peking, has warned the Wai-wu-pu not to sign an agreement which it had been negotiating with our Foreign Office, and by which the seven years' arrangement would have been renewed, though on terms somewhat more favorable to China, and that it presses for the total and immediate stoppage of the import of all foreign opium.

The said grievance covers two points. First, the British Government, under pressure from the opium merchants (all Jews or Parsees, a feature in the case which again reminds one unpleasantly of South Africa), insists on certain old treaty clauses, designed to put an end to the system by which, before 1840, foreign merchants in China were forbidden to trade, except through a few privileged hong, or firms. These clauses are held, by what seems a strained interpretation, to prohibit the monopoly which some Chinese Viceroy has attempted to set up, with a view to limiting the sale of opium to registered habitual consumers. Yet the British Legation at Peking has stated that it is doubtful "whether China can completely attain the goal she seeks" without such Government control. Sir Ernest Satow has told us that it was the most unpleasant part of his duty, when British Minister at Peking, to enforce the claims of the opium merchants, and Sir John Jordan no doubt finds it equally so.

Secondly, the British representatives in China have protested against extra taxation on prepared opium imported by the Viceroy of Canton, on the ground that such taxation infringed the provisions of the Opium Agreement by which, in 1885, we finally ratified the Chefoo Convention. After months of controversy, the Viceroy has been thrown over by his Government, and has in consequence resigned his post. The Hong Kong opium trade, which his action had brought to a standstill, has been resumed, the opium merchants have continued to make their profits out of China's weakness, both moral and physical, and the Indian Government is rejoicing in another "windfall" of three millions, mainly due to the fact that her exports of opium have been reduced by only thirty per cent., against China's reduced production of some seventy per cent. Again we ask, is it any wonder that a numerously signed appeal from Chinese students to the British people emphasises the humiliation involved in the Canton Viceroy's resignation, and the evidence it affords that China is denied the right of carrying out her own reform in her own country? Can we be surprised that, as a reliable correspondent informs me, Chinese opinion considers England unnecessarily harsh in her dealings, and that estrangement between the two countries is growing up in consequence?

What arrangements may be needed to ensure that justice to China shall not involve oppression in India is a question for our statesmen to solve. The Commission on "Missions and Governments" of the Edinburgh Missionary Conference rightly laid it down that the suppression of the opium trade should be so carried out as not to "increase the taxation of the mass of the people in India nor injure the Feudatory States concerned." This may involve some temporary assistance from the British Exchequer. We urge that, whatever may be the cost, China's just claims, which are also those of Christian morality, must be satisfied, and that

without delay. For this is a case in which justice delayed is justice denied.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH G. ALEXANDER,
Hon. Secretary, Society for the
Suppression of the Opium Trade.

Tunbridge Wells, December 27th, 1910.

POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have no other feeling towards Mr. Roger Fry than friendly esteem, and do not willingly put myself in opposition to his views, but his answer to my comments on Cézanne's "Bathers" is so singular that I must ask your kind permission to meet it.

First, I hold no view that nothing is justified "in a picture which does not happen in nature." I have seen many things in Turner's pictures which do not happen in nature, but which were to the picture what metaphors are to poetry, and conveyed a higher truth than a mechanical transcript would have done. But this is not the chief singularity of the answer. Mr. Fry contends that if I object to black outlines in an oil-painting, I must, if I would be consistent, equally object to any lines, outlines or shading in a line drawing. Surely he said this "in his haste." The lines in a drawing are an obviously indispensable convention. Omit them and there would be nothing but the white paper. In an oil painting they are a gratuitous intrusion; in my opinion they are a clumsy disfigurement, and the picture is merely a jumble of the techniques of two totally distinct forms of art. I should not object to the lines because they are not in nature, if they added beauty and revealed a charm not otherwise attainable, but I emphatically object to thick scrawled lines which only add a new ugliness where there was a superabundance already. The smudgy patches of feeble color, the ungainly limbs, the black eye and blobby nose will remain what they are, whether they be called "facets" or "architectural planes," or by any other strange names. The work reveals nothing but the incapacity of the author to see any of the myriad beauties in nature, or to give us anything in their place but poor drawing and commonplace color.

It is this slatternly workmanship which condemns the school. The men who do these things can have no reverence for their art; any slipshod scrawl is good enough for such form as they have to depict, any crude splodges of paint are good enough for such color as they are able to see or conceive.

Look at Matisse's 176 or 185. I copied the latter in my catalogue, and enclose a tracing to show that I use no exaggerated language when I ask if a man who respected his art could exhibit such childish scribbling, or if critics can expect to be taken seriously who explain it by Matisse's "search for abstract harmony of line." (see preface to cata-



Matisse, 195.

logue.) Or if we turn from form to color, look at "Le chateau," 149, by Vlaminck, whom Mr. Fry regards as "among the most remarkable of all the contemporary men." The roofs of the chateau are smudged in as a child would daub them with crude red paint, then there are heavy black lines round them nearly half an inch thick, but the red paint does not even fill the spaces within these outlines. It is put in in shapeless patches, leaving gaps of raw canvas. It is true to post-impressionist principles in resembling nothing in nature; but what does it profess to be?

Go from these to the National Gallery, look at the early Italian pictures, and enjoy their gracious forms, their tender color, their exquisite workmanship, and the fragrant atmosphere of purity and reverence pervading them, and

try to forget the nightmare of coarse ugliness now disfiguring the walls of the Grafton Galleries.

I cordially agree with Mr. Fry about the Italian work. When young, I copied a large fresco by Giotto at Assisi, the full size of the original; I found nothing defective in the technique. Titian and Velasquez did not in the slightest degree disturb my enjoyment of Giotto's wonderful power of expressing what he had to say.

I had a similar feeling when studying the Indian sculpture at Elephanta. The forms were far from the canons of European classic art. I was in the presence of something then new to me and rejoiced in it. In both these cases I was before something genuine which it was a delight to contemplate.

When I think of these and then of the slovenly shams, words wholly fail to express the contrast.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY HOLIDAY.

Oak-Tree House, Hampstead,
December 26th, 1910.

Our Younger Poets.

SECRECY.

"It follows naturally from my fundamental creed that avoidable silence and secrecy are sins."—H. G. Wells: "First and Last Things."

If to the world I am but worth the sum
Of that which I have been
And seen,
Dare I be dumb?

I dare. For, dizzy on the heights around
God's pool of silence, brain
With pain
Stumbles to sound.

I dare to hide the wounds I took when Death
Broke idols and my heart.
Depart,
O tempter's breath:

What help to any if I shewed the whole
Death-dealings of my Lord,
Whose sword
Pierces my soul?

Nor will I shew the secret hurts which He
Touches: nor bare the sin
Within,
My leprosy.

He charged one leper straitly: "Thou shalt tell
No man My touch." Then why
Should I,
His parallel?

For if I talk away a secret grace,
I finger, to His wrath,
The cloth
That wraps His face.

DREAMS.

DUST-SOAKED and dun,
Earth sleeps. Hot amber sun
Blood splashes azure sky.
Muezzin's cry

Is hushed a little while. How should worn church-
bells call?

How should the fall
Of evening greyness in fresh English fields, the sigh
Of wind-stirred grasses, hurt me here? It seems
That home must haunt my silence after all.
Ah! dreams, dear, dreams!

Rose-glory's dead.
Here's summer harvested,
Red fragrance for rose-press;
Her drowsiness
Creeps, heavy-perfumed, to pine-fretted Rhodope.
How should the sea

Come stinging to my lips across lands harborless,
And rouse me to remember fern-trailed streams
And fishing-harbors in the West-country?
Ah! dreams, dear, dreams!

Hot tongue of gold
Laps monasteries old
As flaming hills, and frets
White minarets
With garish yellow flush. How should the streets be
grim

Sea-grey, mist-dim,
And melon sellers be tanned menders of coarse nets,
And husbandmen be fisherfolk? It seems
Their reed-pipes have that little cry of him.
Ah! dreams, dear, dreams!

A MONK'S MOTHER.

THE whips of God curl round a youngling ash:
Anguished, it beats the casement with its thin,
Tormented arms. I listen to the lash
Of some five-thonged, five-knotted discipline
On shoulders bowed by sin
Or heavy with the fear of sinning:
I kiss worn arms, feel drops that hotly splash
His robe Who is our end and our beginning.

Our Father, let him sleep! The servant tires
With labor on Your bread and oil and wine.
Nay, servant is he, whom the abbot hires
To press Your olives or to prune Your vine?
His is Your son—and mine,
Who scourges sleep. Too soon the Latin's
Thunder shall storm the sky from many quires,
Too soon his lantern guide him forth to matins.

Our Father, does he sleep? For, like some dirge
They sing in Brittany when babies die,
The little ash is moaning. Let the scourge
That whips this bosom where he used to lie
Drop with the wind: so I,
Dreaming my dear no longer wrestles
With You in prayer, may crush dream-habit's serge
Close to this heart whereon no baby nestles.

If he had only died, I could have said:
"He will not suffer any more." I cheat
My love with baby-fancies in my bed:
Yet always wonder when I sit at meat:
"Has he enough to eat?"

Doubt in a mother, Sin-forgiving,
Can you forgive? I'd trust You with my dead,
If I might learn to trust You with my living!

If he had only died, I could have thought:
"Still he's my son. And, since I keep the law
Which God and all the saints of God have taught,
I share his glory." But last night I saw
Him dying on the straw:
And said: "Can pillow-fancies smother
My fear lest he forget? I shall be nought.
What holy monk in Heav'n will want his mother?"

RESURRECTION.

ALL-KNOWING, shall You keep
So ugly a dwarf after death in his body's prison,
Letting Your angels peep
At the tortured mouth and the twisted limbs You be-
dizen

In blessed white? I'd weep,
Awaking the man-botch I am, but all shame I'd creep
Those gold-starred floors if I woke not "I," the wizen,
Grotesque and crude and cheap.
Whoso looks for the rising must look at Your lovely
risen—

May I, believing, sleep?

MARGARET LOVELL ANDREWS.

The World of Books.

INSTEAD of our usual weekly selection of new books, we print this week a list of the more notable English books published during the past year. The guiding principle has been to include only books that are of some permanent value as contributions to the subjects with which they deal.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

"The Cambridge Modern History." Vols. VI. and XII. (Cambridge University Press.)

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Reviews.

MR. YEATS'S NEW PLAY.*

LITERARY history is never tired of proclaiming the inestimable debt which our drama owes to Marlowe's invention of dramatic blank verse, and the consequent utter destruction of the "jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits." Never has a change of national artistic manner been more complete or of profounder effect; it is, indeed, one of the great instances of the power of form over content. For the change was even more than the final achievement of a dramatic medium that only Athens has equalled; Marlowe's blank verse sent a transforming energy through the whole spirit and substance of the contemporary theatre; it was, in fact, one of the chief energies that raised the Elizabethan drama to its astounding height. All this is not to be denied; nevertheless, it is possible to regret at times that the "jigging veins" should be so utterly abolished out of our poetic drama. It is true, of course, that rhymed decasyllables, especially in couplets, were persistently used, off and on, throughout the great part of the Elizabethan period, and later on became for a short time the staple verse for plays; but, even when the dramatic couplet is not just blank verse tagged, its usage is always obviously reminiscent of blank verse. The "jigging veins," however, were something fundamentally different in movement; and they gave the plays which were written in them a special and quite delightful quality. Marlowe's contempt for the "mother-wits" that preceded him is easily excusable; but the stanzaic, often elaborately stanzaic, verse of the pageants and miracles, Heywood's rattling octosyllables, the splendidly vigorous "fourteeners" of "Gammer Gurton," even the continuous rhyme-royal of "Calisto and Melibea"—these are things by no means contemptible in themselves; they are things of very considerable artistic capability. Something had to be sacrificed to the free splendor of the Elizabethans; plainly, the naïve, happy artificiality of the Tudor plays had to go. Nowadays, however, there would be a good deal to be said for some attempt to recover the special qualities of Tudor drama—the reckless tune of the "jigging" verse, whether of four, six, or seven feet; the frank refusal, which such verse implies, of any compromise with naturalism, and the consequent effect as a whole of an art which is, in a literal sense, a *play*; an art in which life is, before anything else, fashioned into entertainment, though it may be entertainment of beauty and sorrow as well as of laughter; an art not much troubled with high seriousness, though not necessarily devoid of symbolic intention. Obviously it would take a poet of some courage to put such an art on to the stage to-day. But fortunately in Mr. Yeats, who has already notably refreshed the blank verse tradition of our poetic drama, we have a poet who has had the courage to revive the unique qualities of the Tudor plays. "The Green Helmet" is Irish in subject and in the way it symbolises life; but in æsthetic effect it is more nearly related to Heywood's interludes and to "Gammer Gurton's Needle" than to almost anything in between.

Mr. Yeats calls this new play of his "an heroic farce"; that is it exactly. Irish legend is eminently heroic, and Mr. Yeats is not the man to miss that quality. But the play is as certainly farce. There is a moment of sudden seriousness towards the end; but even that is farce—it is farce throughout; that is the right name for the peculiar Tudoresque character we have, some may think unduly, stressed. "The Green Helmet" is poetic farce of an entirely and admirably successful kind; and it derives this character primarily from the character of its verse, Alexandrines rhymed in couplets with trisyllabic feet used very freely—verse quite in the "jigging vein," in fact. The vigorous, determined tune of the measure is evident from the very start:

"What is that? I had thought that I saw, though but in the wink of an eye,
A cat-headed man out of Connaught go pacing and spitting by."

And this determined tune goes ringing, beating, and rhyming, with hardly a pause, right through the play. The diction matches it, and so does the action; the whole stuff

* "The Green Helmet and Other Poems." By William Butler Yeats. The Cuala Press, Dundrum, Co. Dublin. 10s. 6d.

and manner of the play is interpenetrated by the solvent spirit of this measure. The artistic result is of a kind rare in the poetic drama that has followed Marlowe, belonging much more, as we have said, to the days of the interludes, when men's instinct for drama was not to make of it a spiritual portrait of reality, but an emblem of the sheer enjoyment of living, a dream in which ideally free scope is allowed to the main enjoyable force of life, stripped from the hard reality which imposes such strict conditions on our enjoyment. That is the secret of the medieval "jigging veins"; that is the secret which Mr. Yeats has recovered in "The Green Helmet."

Mr. Yeats is fully capable of the extravagant rumbustious phrasing which such drama requires. Ireland, for instance, is called "this unhappy country that was made when the devil spat." But Mr. Yeats stamps the form as his own by filling the verse with his own unmistakable poetry; and the "jigging veins" do not as a rule run to poetry. Here is Ireland and Mr. Yeats clear enough:

"You are waiting for some message to bring you to war or love
In that old secret country beyond the wool-white waves,
Or it may be down beneath them in foam-bewildered caves
Where nine forsaken sea-queens fling shuttles to and fro."

Equally unmistakable is the beautiful song given to Emer, the wife of Cuchulain, in which she praises—

"His mind that is fire,
His body that is sun;"

And praises herself, because—

"I am moon to that sun,
I am steel to that fire."

And, as might be expected of a poet so ready to seize the chance of a symbol, Mr. Yeats makes the play a characteristic emblem; though the symbolic is wholly in accord with the artistic intention. "The Green Helmet" tells of the mutual triple jealousy which crazed the wives and households of the three hero-kings, Laegaire, Conall, and Cuchulain, a jealousy which is raised to furious pitch by the machinations of a mysterious visitor, who leaves a green helmet on the floor with the parting words, "Let the bravest take it up." Previously, this unknown person, "a wide high man . . . with a red foxy cloak, With half-shut foxy eyes and a great laughing mouth" and "a great voice like the wind," had, as the well-known legend tells, allowed Conall and Laegaire to cut off his head, on condition that in a twelvemonth's time he might be allowed to cut off one of their heads. In the end, Cuchulain relieves them of their debt by offering his own head, which leads to a short but finely effective scene between himself and Emer, his wife. But this offer of Cuchulain's is what the "wide high man" has been looking for. "I am the Rector of this land," says he;

"Age after age I sift it, and choose for its championship
The man who hits my fancy. And I chose the laughing lip
That shall not turn from laughing whatever rise or fall.
The heart that grows no bitterer although betrayed by all,
The hand that loves to scatter, the life like a gambler's throw;"

A speech which gives an intention to the piece as characteristic as any of its poetry. The whole play is worked up with a sanguine vigor and gusto which make us hope it is not to figure in Mr. Yeats's works as a solitary experiment.

The poems which are bound up with this admirable little play are not quite of Mr. Yeats's best. The thought is fine and subtle, and the diction is religiously purged of any suggestion foreign to the main inspiration. But too often the thought is super-subtle, and hardly to be apprehended; and in the diction, the intense desire to make the words absolutely one with the thought results in the opposite of simplicity; the wheel is come full circle, and simplicity has become obscurity. These things are especially to be marked in the series of songs, "Nicolas Flamel and his Wife Pernelle," which only just misses thereby being an extremely fine achievement. In the poem in this series called "Against Unworthy Praise," the singer cries to himself:—

"Enough if the work has seemed,
So did she your strength renew,
A dream that a lion had dreamed
Till the wilderness cried aloud,
A secret between you two,
Between the proud and the proud."

"A dream that a lion had dreamed!"—that is surely an excellent phrase; and underneath all these strange and remarkable songs lies the suggestion of a fiercely proud,



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lonely spirit striving to tell its dreams of the mystery of love. But rather too often the song is indeed "a secret between you two"; it is difficult to tell exactly what the singer would be at. The melody of the verses remains, however, and the melody is always beautiful.

The other poems—"Momentary Thoughts"—are, as their heading indicates, occasional. They do not call for much comment. Mr. Yeats is always an extraordinarily scrupulous artist, even in his slightest things. There is a beautiful neatness in his epigram "to a poet, who would have me praise certain bad poets, imitators of his and mine":

"You say, as I have often given tongue
In praise of what another's said or sung,
'Twere politic to do the like by these,
But where's the wild dog that has praised his fleas?"

The same excellent craftsmanship is in the more serious epigrams on "A Friend's Illness," and that fine one beginning:

"These are the clouds about the fallen sun,
The majesty that shuts his burning eye."

But most of these poems are in half-jesting mood, like the first, in which Mr. Yeats puts his curse "on plays That have to be set up in fifty ways"; because, it seems, plays make "our colt," "as if it had not holy blood . . . shiver under the lash, strain, sweat, and jolt As though it dragged road metal." But in "The Green Helmet" Mr. Yeats's colt does not seem to "shiver under the lash" much, and the metal it is loaded with is anything but road metal.

LADY HOLLAND IN SPAIN.*

THIS volume contains the portions of Lady Holland's journal (1791-1811) not published in the two volumes which appeared a short time ago. It was well to publish the Spanish portion separately as it has an individuality of its own, being free from the rampant Whiggism and Napoleon-worship which characterised the jottings of that emotional lady. In truth, Spain in the years 1802-5 and 1808-9 is a theme of special interest. The Iberian Peninsula has always lived a life of its own; and the torpor besetting both Court and people in 1802-5 gave no promise of the tremendous outburst of national indignation and energy seen in the rising of 1808 against Napoleon. There are numerous books of travel in Spain in the latter time, but comparatively few for the years 1802-5. Lord and Lady Holland were among the crowd of tourists who set out for the Continent after the Peace of Amiens; but few of them reached Spain, and, except in Barcelona and Madrid, the arrival of English people was a rare occurrence.

The description here given of Barcelona and other Catalan towns is disappointing. The entries are brief and colorless, probably owing to the writer's anxiety for the health of her children. The beauty and grandeur of the buildings of Barcelona receive no comment; and the only piece of local color is the story told by the sacristan of the Cathedral, with all seriousness, that the body of St. Olegar preserved there was clad in new garments a century before, and that he showed his appreciation by standing upright during the ceremony of clothing. Lady Holland found the dress of the Catalonians far brighter and more attractive than that of the Valencians, whose province she next visited. On the way the Hollands admired the hardihood of the muleteers and remarked that an army of such men should be the best in Europe. At Tarragona they found an engineer named Smith grappling with the task of extending a stone jetty one-third of a mile for the sum of £10,000. The laborers were galley-slaves, who were clothed in green—an ancient custom adopted expressly in order to offend the Moors, green being the color for their sovereign and descendants of the Prophet. Lady Holland deemed it always advisable to appear in public in the *mantilla* if she was to escape discourtesy. Her comments on that graceful addition to dress are interesting. The Spanish ladies, whose chief thought in life was amorous intrigues, had so contrived it as to be able to elude observation in the open; and it was a tacit understanding that no lady would appear in public or go to church without

* "The Spanish Journal of Lady Holland." Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. Longmans. 15s. net.

one. On the other hand, a not dissimilar device, formerly used by men, had gone out of fashion. The notoriety of the Queen's intrigues, first with a man named Ortia and afterwards with Godoy, Chief Minister and decorated with the title Prince of the Peace, was such as to form a frequent topic of conversation with muleteers. At Madrid Lady Holland was surprised to find that the all-powerful favorite was able with impunity to insult Ferdinand, heir to the throne. As is well known, the strife between them had important results, providing as it did the opportunity for Napoleon, in 1808, to play off one against the other, and overthrow the dynasty. Where the state of morals was so depraved, it is somewhat singular to find that Spanish delicacy forbade even the appearance of kissing on the stage. The utmost that was allowed was to "louse" the lover. Neither the writer nor the editor explains this enigmatical word.

The proverb as to the climate of Madrid in the early spring—"It does not blow out a candle, but it kills a man"—deterred the Hollands from going there direct; and they made a wide detour by Valencia, Lorca, and Granada. Near Valencia they found that curious custom, the *mesta*, in vogue. It enabled owners of the large flocks of merino sheep to send them at will over the land, whether pasture or arable, it being the belief that the high quality of the wool was maintained only by these nomadic habits, which, of course, were most injurious to the crops and vines. The editor adds a note that the custom or code was abolished in 1836. He might have added that the revolutionary Cortes, which met at Cadiz in 1808-12, declared it abolished, but it reappeared amidst the reaction which set in after the restoration of Ferdinand in 1814. At Seville the travellers saw a bull-fight of more than usual brutality, which, however, excited the enthusiasm of a vast throng of spectators. A "bull-feast" in the Plaza Mayor of Madrid in July, 1803, witnessed by some 100,000 people, consisted in letting loose bulls in succession upon ranks of halberdiers, ranged round the square, while unarmed horsemen in the middle had to escape as best they could. "The disgusting scene (says Lady Holland) ended with daylight." That delightful *littérateur*, Hookham Frere, formerly joint editor with Canning of the "Anti-Jacobin," was at that time British Ambassador at Madrid; but he did not please the fantastical dame. From the outset her remarks on him are mordant: "A queer man to have as envoy"; or, again, "Whatever happens, it is certain that Frere will be bamboozled." Party spite, doubtless, prompted these remarks. The news that that very mediocre politician, Tierney, was Treasurer of the Navy, with £6,000 a year, sent her into raptures.

Nevertheless, the Hollands showed themselves wiser than their party in proclaiming their sympathy with the Spanish National Rising of 1808 and the Peninsular War, which was its outcome. However much the Whigs might decry the efforts of the Spanish Patriots and of Wellington, they, who saw facts undistorted by distance and prejudice, knew that the struggle was inevitable, and must, in the interests of Spain and of Europe, be fought out to the end. They set out from England for their second Spanish tour in October, 1808, landed at Coruña, and found the Galicians everywhere enthusiastic for the national cause. The failure of Moore's campaign in Leon, and the advance of the French, sent the Hollands in haste towards Vigo and Oporto. Some of their hasty criticisms on Moore are duly discounted by the editor. Travelling by way of Lisbon, Elvas, and Badajoz, they reached Seville, where they had converse with that enlightened statesman, Jovellanos, who, under happier auspices, might have assured the welfare of Spain in the unsettled times then beginning. The entries in the diary show the reasons for the distrust of England which soon pervaded the minds of the Patriots. One cause of it, not referred to here, was the absurd Convention of Cintra, whereby Dalrymple and Burrard allowed Junot's beaten army to leave Portugal by transports, without any prohibition against its use against the Spaniards. Of course, Junot's men were shipped to the Biscay ports, and soon appeared at the Pyrenees. The Spaniards never forgave their allies for this shortsighted stupidity. Lady Holland also dwells on the fact that Moore's corps ought to have landed, not at Coruña, where it would have saved the situation

Its issue in light and slender volumes is a novel feature of the new Encyclopædia Britannica (11th edition), in course of publication by the Cambridge University Press.

The great drawback to the Encyclopædia Britannica in the past has been its size. A volume weighed nearly 7 lbs. and measured 2½ inches in thickness. Two hands were needed to take it from its shelf, and it could be read only at a table or desk. In too many instances, therefore, the Encyclopædia Britannica was seldom opened, was regarded solely as a book of reference, to which recourse was had only in the last resort. Thus its size openly conflicted with the purpose which its editors, from the beginning, had kept consistently before them, namely, the preparation of a book intended, not only for reference, and for constant reference, but also for reading.

The employment of India paper.

But how was the drawback of cumbersome volumes to be avoided in the production of a book containing over 40 million words? There was, in truth, but one solution of the problem. It was recognised that the employment of India paper would at once reduce the bulk by two-thirds. The Cambridge University Press had long been famous for its India paper Bibles; but the idea of using India paper in the production of a book containing 28,000 quarto pages was too revolutionary to find immediate acceptance—how revolutionary may be judged from the fact that the normal output of India paper in England for a whole year would suffice for the printing of only some 5,000 or 6,000 copies of the new Encyclopædia Britannica. Experiments, however, did but bring out the advantages of India paper, and the publishers of the new Encyclopædia Britannica believe that, from the point of view of its usefulness and its popularity, this purely material change is a consideration scarcely less important than the recent character of its information, and the systematic manner in which this information is presented. For the practical value of an encyclopædia depends upon the extent to which it is used, and for once that the old cumbersome Encyclopædia Britannica was opened and read, the new slender volumes will be used a hundred times.

28 inches against 7 feet.

The illustration which accompanies this announcement is reproduced from an actual photograph representing the new (11th) edition standing in front of the previous (10th) edition. To those who are acquainted with the 10th edition it will seem scarcely credible that the 29 slender volumes here shown in the foreground are indeed the equivalent of the 35 old volumes which stand behind them. As a matter of fact, they contain over two million words more, and the reduction in bulk has been achieved without any diminution in the size of the type. Each of the old volumes, containing about 850 pages, measured 2½ inches in thickness and weighed close upon 7 lbs. The new volumes contain 960 pages each, but in the India paper impression each is slightly less than 1 inch in thickness and weighs but 3 lbs. The old volumes made a row over 7 feet wide, and weighed 240 lbs. The new volumes occupy a width of 28 inches and weigh 80 lbs.

It is easier to take an India paper volume of the new edition from its shelf with thumb and forefinger than it was to lift one of the old volumes in two hands, and, whereas the reader of an old volume had to sit up to a table, the new India paper volume is light enough to hold in one hand, while the reader sits back at his ease.

Specimen pages printed on India paper.

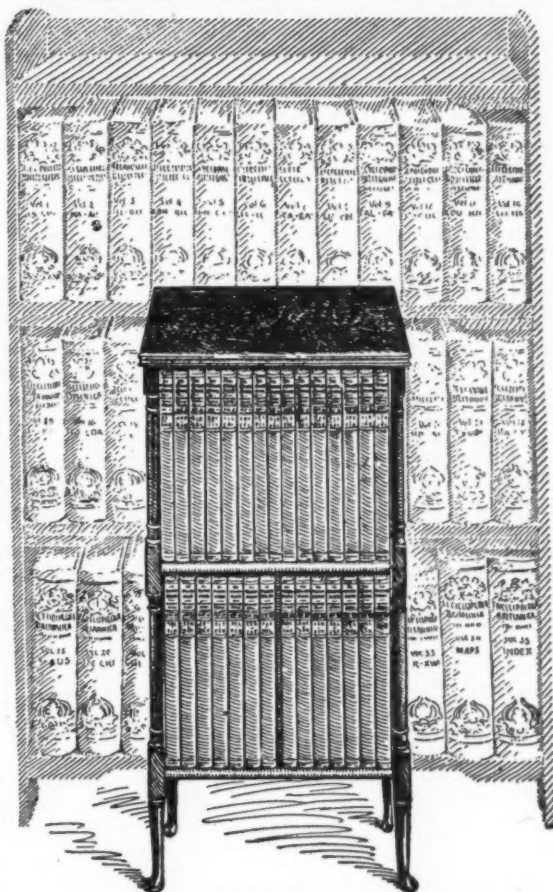
Nor will the reader, upon nearer acquaintance, find any reason to discount the evident conveniences of India paper. For the wonderful characteristic of this material is that with extreme thinness it combines an extraordinary degree of opacity—thus the print does not show through from one page to another. Moreover, India paper, made almost exclusively of rag, and finished with a hard surface, absorbs the ink less than ordinary book paper, and thus yields a very sharp impression from type and illustrations. On these points, however, the reader may judge for himself, since the specimen pages accompanying the prospectus for which he is invited to write are printed upon India paper.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press attach great importance to this question of India paper. They believe, not only that the purchaser of the new Encyclopædia Britannica will, in virtue of this material change, better appreciate the value of his possession, but also that, in this compact shape, the book will appeal to many who, for lack of house-room, would not have taken it at all in its old form. Nevertheless, in the production of a historic publication, they do not feel justified in breaking completely with tradition, and an impression, therefore, is also being issued upon ordinary paper, such as was used for previous editions.

Two impressions and the "advance" offer.

The fact that two impressions of the new edition are in preparation, and the fact that the limited supply of India paper, as has been suggested above, presents no slight

The Old and the New: a contrast.



The 29 volumes of the new Encyclopædia Britannica, 11th edition, (shown in the front of this photograph) contain over 2 million words more than did the 35 volumes of the 10th edition (shown in the background) yet, printed upon India paper, they occupy one-third of the space.

problem, constitute the basis of an offer which greatly favours those who can at once, in advance of final publication, intimate their intention of taking the new work. For the present, and until the results of this advance offer have afforded the desired evidence, only a comparatively small number of sets have been printed in either form for delivery in January, and further supplies will scarcely be available until three or four months later. If the publishers are to manufacture without even longer delay, it is essential that, at the earliest possible moment, they should be in a position largely to increase their present orders to manufacturers upon an assured basis. How many sets of the 29 volumes will be required upon India paper? In what proportions will the India paper and the ordinary paper impressions find favour?

15/10 instead of 30/- a volume.

It is essential that the Cambridge University Press should obtain this information correctly and at once, and, in looking for guidance in this matter to the results of the present advance offer, the publishers willingly grant a large advantage to the reader who assists them in the economical production of the book by signifying now, in advance of final publication, his intention of subscribing. Advance applicants, who need make no payment whatever until the volumes are delivered, may obtain the new Encyclopædia Britannica at the rate of only 15s. 10d. a volume. It will be remembered that 30s. a volume was the price at which the 9th edition was published, and this, it is intended, shall be the ultimate price of the 11th edition. Those who make application at once, therefore, obtain a special rate, and may also secure one of the copies already in course of delivery. Prospectus and specimen pages will be forwarded post free from the Cambridge University Press. Name and address may be written below, and this corner torn off and posted to the Cambridge University Press, 135, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

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and been of direct service. The Spaniards also charged Moore with arrogance and obstinacy in dealing with their generals. The charges are probably false, but they were widely believed, and therefore contributed to the friction which helped to ruin Wellesley's Talavera campaigns. The Hollands returned to England shortly before Talavera was fought; but in their tales of the feuds, jealousies, and follies of the Spaniards we see the shadow of disaster that eclipsed the cause of the Spaniards until they learnt to trust Wellington. No book has more clearly and more pleasantly described the odd contrasts of Spanish life—rapt devotion side by side with unblushing vice, monastic learning with appalling ignorance of the people, the luxury and torpor of the rich against the hardy and frugal life of the peasants, and spasmodic activity alternating with long spells of idleness. Three facts will serve to illustrate these oddities. The Spanish Government, which very rarely undertook any public works, was seized with a desire to construct a great reservoir in the hilly country above the town of Lorca. In vain did the inhabitants point out the danger of building a dam with that loose, porous soil. The reservoir was made, soon burst its dam, and drowned some 9,000 people at and near Lorca (1802). A national relief fund was formed, but a year later the money still lay at Madrid. Or take the case of the visit of the Prince of the Peace to Barcelona. He lodged in a magnificent palace along with his mistress and the "Grand Inquisitor" (the head of the Inquisition). The ingenious perversity of Spanish *savants* appeared in the arrangement of an encyclopedia, in which biographies were ranged in order according to the first *Christian* name!

THE TRAVAIL OF PERSIA.*

THE questions at issue between the advocates and the opponents of aggressive Imperialism are apt to reduce themselves, when one regards them closely, into a fundamental conflict of temperament. To the Imperialist the thing that matters is a portion of the earth's surface. To his opponent the one real fact in view is the race which inhabits this territory—its ideals, its rights, its future. It is an antithesis between acres and men, and it is precisely the same antithesis which recurs in every struggle in domestic politics. One could not desire an apter illustration of this total divergence than in the two books before us. Professor Browne enjoys already a European reputation for his intimate and familiar knowledge of the Persians. He speaks their language with the perfect mastery that comes only from a sympathetic assimilation of the habit of thought behind it. He has written the only full and scholarly history of their literature in our language. He has explored in a series of curious and surprising volumes the history and tenets of their vital religious development—the Babi or Bahai movement. He has written in one of the most alluring books of our generation a record of a year spent among them—a record in which he interprets from within all the romance and exaltation of their mental and spiritual life. The view which he has formed of their politics was predestined by his intellectual history. It is the view of a man for whom the Persians are a living reality which has a past and deserves a future. One owes him a certain apology for instituting any comparison between his work and that of Mr. David Fraser. Mr. Fraser writes without a trace of intellectual distinction. Of the history of Persia, before he began to travel in it as a journalist, he reveals an unabashed ignorance. Towards the Persians he displays the cold contempt of the Philistine. But he has, none the less, a certain equipment for his task. He is an experienced and skilful traveller. He has journeyed up and down this corner of Asia, from India into Persia, across Persia from east to west and from north to south, up and down the Bagdad route, and in and out of the mountain barriers. The land he knows, and he writes of it with shrewdness and independence. One may go to him for the sort of lore which Professor Browne does not profess. He is alert and capable when he writes about the oil fields of Persia or the prospects of irrigation in

Mesopotamia. He sees in the East a great field to exploit, and the men who cumber the ground are either a population to police or a labor force to use. The tragedy of the position is that Professor Browne, with all his unique and encyclopædic knowledge, is a voice crying in the wilderness of opposition. Mr. Fraser, with all his assurance and ignorance, is the trusted informant of the "Times" and the typical exponent of the views of the governing class.

For Mr. Fraser the history of modern Persia begins at the moment when Western newspapers began to chronicle the events of its recent history. The chapter opens suddenly with the startling episode of the passive revolt against Muzaffar'u'd-Din Shah, the sheltering of the refugees in the grounds of the British Legation, and the concession of a Parliament and a Constitution. Knowing nothing of the events which led up to this revolution, Mr. Fraser comfortably assumes that there were none, and declares that the constitutional movement was "of sudden and artificial growth." The advantages of such a theory are obvious. It becomes quite a minor sin against liberty to frustrate a movement so accidental, and it is easy to maintain that the revolution is only skin-deep, and that the happiest fate for the Persians themselves is to give them a foreign despotism in exchange for the native tyranny which by some chance they overthrew in their sleep. To this pleasant assumption Professor Browne's book supplies an elaborate answer by tracing in some detail the genesis of the Persian revolution. Its origin centres in the romantic personality of a man whose name will fill a great place in the world-history of the generation that has just passed away. The only account of the Sayyid Jemalu'd-Din "al-Afghan" with which we are acquainted is to be found in the rich and discursive pages of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's memoirs. Mr. Blunt did justice to the part which this astonishing man played in arousing Egypt, in the years that preceded the occupation, to a Liberal Nationalism. Professor Browne, with a wealth of documentary material, completes his biography.

A Persian by birth, there was no land of the Moslem East in whose history he did not play a leading, one might even say a decisive, part. He helped to make the independence of Afghanistan; he wielded a great influence in India; he won, by his personal influence with the Tsar, concessions for the Moslem subjects of Russia. He was the prophet on its Liberal side of the awakening which goes by the alarming name of Pan-Islamism. Wherever he went in a long and wandering life, he preached the renaissance of Islam through unity and enlightenment. His dream was to find some Moslem ruler who would help him to realise his teaching. At one moment he seems to have thought that Nasiru'd-Din Shah, who, in some queer aberration, invited him to Teheran, might be the destined Philosopher-King. The disillusionment and the breach came quickly. He was allowed to remain long enough in Persia to turn it upside-down by his preaching of innovation. Men flocked to his pulpit in the capital, and followed him to his sanctuary when he fled to an asylum where free speech was possible. He was speedily exiled, and became at first the mentor and then the prisoner of Abdul Hamid. From Constantinople he exerted for many years a decisive influence on the fortunes of Persia. In letters couched in a high prophetic strain he denounced the disastrous despot who was selling to foreign moneylenders the country he misruled. His disciples were persecuted and tortured, and plotted in their turn. The successful revolt against Baron Reuter's Tobacco Monopoly was the real beginning of the Persian revolution. Professor Browne's documents finally establish the fact that it was Jemalu'd-Din who inspired it, as it was his lieutenant who assassinated the Shah. In short, it was the brain which inspired the Parliamentary movement in Egypt in the early 'eighties that also conceived the revolt which culminated in the Persian Mejliss. Of other preparations space fails us to speak—the monthly magazine of Prince Malcom Khan, for example, which fulminated against the Shah and his Ministers, and the Persian newspaper which used Calcutta as the base for a campaign of free speech. The Persian revolt, in brief, was neither sudden nor accidental. It had its martyrs and fore-runners, and waited only the impetus of the Russian precedent to assume the dimensions of a triumphant national movement.

The history of the Persian revolt after it emerged above

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the horizon of Western indifference is tolerably well-known. Professor Browne's narrative traces its course with an elaborate documentary apparatus. Its purpose, however, is not merely to chronicle. It is a reasoned indictment of the policy of the two Powers which have assumed a veiled protectorate over Persia. Step by step, by the evidence of Russian newspapers, English eye-witnesses, and Persian documents, Professor Browne traces the sinister acts of furtive intervention and provocation by which the agents of Russian policy sought to underpin the Shah's autocracy and to frustrate the resurrection of the Persian people. There is really nothing in dispute about these facts save the exact degree in which the central Russian Government—if there is such a thing—was responsible for the intrigues of its agents. If the startling documents which Professor Browne reproduces are really what they purport to be, the reports of Colonel Liahkoff, we should have to conclude that the Russian Court had full fore-knowledge of the Shah's *coup d'état* and approved the part which the Cossack brigade played in it. Their genuineness is not established, but the constructive case by no means depends upon them. Mr. Fraser himself, who is a partisan of the Anglo-Russian alliance, and so prejudiced a witness that he can even bring himself to speak of M. Stolypin's Administration as "a Liberal Government," goes a long way in admitting the indictment. He declares that M. Hartwig, who was the Russian Minister in Teheran throughout this sinister period, constantly went behind his British colleague by giving secret support to the Shah, and he states that in all that Colonel Liahkoff did, M. Hartwig "pulled the strings." To be sure, he represents M. Isvolsky as a loyal colleague in the Anglo-Russian partnership, and this may well be the case. The Russian Government is based on dualism. Its Foreign Office provided the loyalty. The Court and the War Office worked the forward policy. The policy of loyalty has certainly been in the ascendant at the Russian Legation since the overthrow of the Shah. But the brutal fact remains that the whole of Northern Persia is occupied by Russian troops.

It is difficult to close these two books in a hopeful mood. The Persians have shown at more than one turn in their eventful history a surprising vitality, and the luck has more than once been with them. But the toils of the financial net are closing in upon them, and the chances are that the Russian garrisons in the North will never be withdrawn. They will be balanced by a British gendarmerie in the South. Mr. Fraser gives a frank and apparently semi-official account of this scheme. The force which is to police the South is to do its work in independence of Teheran, where presumably the vestiges of a national Government will be abandoned to Russian dictation. Its strength is placed at about 3,000 men, and this force, scattered over a wide country, intersected by deserts, will be the advance-guard of our Indian defences against a Russia strongly entrenched in Persia. Meanwhile, in Mesopotamia, Sir William Willcocks, with his bold irrigation schemes, depending on British money and British diplomacy, will have created on the flanks of Persia a second and vaster British economic sphere of influence. In the end the two policies together must result in little less than the creation of two new Egypts on the Persian Gulf, dependent on the goodwill of two great military Powers, Turkey and Russia. It is this tremendous fact perhaps which underlies Anglo-German rivalry, and distorts the European balance of power. Not since the bombardment of Alexandria have we embarked on so vast an Imperial commitment, and never have we moved towards such a possibility with so little study and so slight a realisation of the immense responsibilities which our diplomacy is engaged in shouldering.

THE OLD NORTH TRAIL.*

THE Old North Trail. What magic there is in the very name! Not that I ever knew it, my experiences having been confined to the Santa Fé Trail and to the trail that led to Mexico. Along the Old North Trail the Indians travelled, centuries before the introduction of the horse. After their advent, the

first great change that came into their lives, how many thousand Indians must have come and gone with their paints, their buckskins, claybacks, calicoes, their pacing ponies; and how many thousand lodge-poles must have been worn out, dragging on the trail.

Few books about the Indians have the charm of this one, for not infrequently those who have written them, either were mere sportsmen, shooting better than they wrote, or else half-educated men, who drifted to the plains. The writer of "The Old North Trail" is an exception to the rule. Born, as it seems, with the true spirit of adventure in his veins, he is a man of education, and went amongst the Blackfeet Indians, as he tells us, to endeavor to unlock from their repositories in the breasts of medicine-men and chiefs, preserves of folk-lore which he was certain must be buried there. This is the spirit in which to go amongst one of the most interesting race of men the world has ever seen.

Years ago, Fenimore Cooper, and the writers of another age, depicted for us the Red Men, as noble savages. Then came the openers-up of the Far West, with their cheap guns and with their ideas of a world in which all men were slaves, except a few of the unfittest, and the phrase, "Injuns is pizen," came to be accepted as the last contribution to ethnology. So the idea got about that Indians were little better than a race of dogs, and that the man who could shoot most of them was the most deserving of his race. Then, when it was too late and after whisky, syphilis, and small-pox had done their worst, appear two men (the author of this book and he who wrote "My Friend the Indian") and the scene is changed. These men, being neither whisky-sellers, nor land-grabbers, nor brothel-keepers in a border town, but one an official in the Government employ, the other a collegian (I should judge of independent means, and both of them having spent years of their life amongst the Indians), return and tell us what they saw. Many have written what they saw, and told us of the sports, the wars, the loves, the pastimes of these people of the Stone Age, but since the days of Hunter, who passed all his life after his capture with the Indians, only the writer of the present volume has told us of their souls and of their interior life. Of course, in doing so, incidentally he has been obliged to tell us much about their ordinary lives. In the discharging of his self-appointed task he has re-habilitated the Indians (at least, the Blackfeet) more completely than if he had been one of themselves writing of set purpose to defend his race.

He lets us into the mysterious secrets that he found locked up within their breasts (as he himself says), and when we read them, most impartial people will aver the title "Noble Savage," perhaps applied without real study or in the sentimental fashion of the age, has been upheld most amply by the modern scientific mind. Few things of the kind I have ever read are more engaging than the account of how the young student first became acquainted with the Blackfeet, won their confidence, and finally became the adopted son of their chief, the Mad Wolf. The prayer after the author's initiation is fit to have a place in any liturgy. Unfortunately, the rite of adoption is seldom found amongst those nations which have prayer-books.

"My Father, Great Sun Chief, who gives us light, look down in favor upon this young man, whom we have taken into our tribe. Grant that his relatives and all his friends may have a good life. Protect him day and night from all harm, that he may live long and return many summers to visit his Indian brothers."

The sun is, of course, the Indian's god almost throughout America; but it would seem by several passages in this book that they regard him more as a symbol than a material god. Few ceremonies in any ritual seem to be as complicated as that of initiation in the Blackfeet tribe. Songs, prayers, and dances, continued from sunrise to dark; all had to be repeated and performed correctly, for if there was the smallest detail omitted, misfortune would attend the neophyte. If complicated religious rites and a pure faith, with perfect trust in the goodness of their God, make a man a savage, the Blackfeet must indeed have been the savagest of all the tribes.

* "The Old North Trail: Life, Legends, and Religion of the Blackfeet Indians." By Walter McClintock. Macmillan. 15s. net.

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The Earth loves us,
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The Earth furnishes us with food."

As the Blackfeet in all their acts of worship looked towards the light, it was perhaps but natural that their conception of a future state was dreary in the extreme. Spirits deprived of the sun's grace and light wandered in a dry desert full of alkali. Perhaps that was the reason why most attempts to civilise (*sic*) wild Indians in North and South have usually not been crowned with success.

Nothing, as far as this reviewer sees, makes men more servile than the theory that the world is miserable, and but a place of dreary sojourn at the best. Thus did the Blackfeet mourn the dead for months, not, as with us, with hatbands and black-edged cards, but by withdrawing to some solitude to gash themselves and weep. Sometimes they cut a joint off from the little finger, and women sacrificed their hair. Then, when the time of mourning had been completed, they returned, wasted with fasting, to their sorrowing friends.

All tribes and nations have their mourning ceremonies, and everyone finds consolation in some peculiar act. An Irish peer, whom I knew well, having lost his wife, suffered, and mourned her loss. At last, one day his little daughter, of whom I had inquired, informed me that she thought her father was consoled, for she had seen him in the smoking-room reading the new "Debrett." No doubt the imaginative flights of that great work, the greatest effort of the Anglo-Saxon mind in the idealistic sphere, as has been said, worked on his lordship's spirit in the same way that the sacred smoke worked on the Blackfeet mourners in their grief.

It is a curious thing that this book and "My Friend the Indian," published a few months ago, are perhaps the best that ever have been written on the Indians. To understand them it has taken us three hundred years, and just as they are vanishing come these two writers, educated, sympathetic men, who, after years amongst the tribes upon the plains, have finally, by the cold light of scientific observation, done justice to a race of men about whose doings more nonsense has been written than would have filled a hundred libraries.

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Mr. Masefield's talent will have little difficulty in picking the story to pieces. It does not frame a convincing whole. Portions of the narrative are barely credible, and Part III., in which Charles Harding's Story is concluded, suffers from the action being hurried, and from too many incidents being invented to keep up the interest. But as in the case of his "Captain Margaret," "Lost Endeavour," which bears marks of being constructed to meet the public's demand for bustling adventures, is to be read for its atmospheric beauty, and for the feeling of strangeness and poetic glamor. Part Second, wherein Little Theo narrates his discovery of a sloop that has been beached by a tidal wave, high and dry, in the scrub on the coast near Spanish Town, and the finding of the journals, log-book, and maps of the dead Lorenzo O'Neill, and his journey with the Indians to the island of Boca del Drago, is a perfect romance in itself. In this section our author has extracted and clarified, so to say, the precious oils of the dry wood of many dusty tomes of buccaneering life on the Spanish Main. The prosaic matter-of-factness and brutal literalness of unimaginative seamen disappears, and is replaced by the clarity and grace of a poet's vision. From the first page, indeed, we may taste the quality of the rare picturesqueness which distinguishes our author's best work. "I lived with that man as a slave for more than a year," says Little Theo, "he was a great man, my master, but he took the yellow fever, far away from the doctors. So he died in a lonely house, far from Spanish Town. He died at dawn, in a room with a banging shutter, for it was a windy morning." That "banging shutter" is a touch which gives the spiritual breath of the actual scene. So with the description of the sharks waiting outside the reef, when Little Theo dare not plunge in and swim to the assistance of a ship going to wreck. The word shark is packed with associations of rapacity and horror, but in Mr. Masefield's hands it is a symbol of the beauty and strangeness and terror of the sea:—

"But I did not plunge. No. For under the surf in that most beautiful bay were dim, grey things, looking always upward, very silently. If you go in a boat near surf like that, and drop a piece of flesh into the water, making no splash, you will see it go shaking down into the clearness almost to the coral, and then one of the grey things will rise to it, and take it in. All so still, down there in the green, that it will not seem real. The flesh will be gone, and there will be a great dim shape slowly sinking down again. It will be like a part of the sea's floor rising and falling, not like a living thing; but all the time it is watching you, watching every movement of you, and if you fall in do you know how swiftly it could rise? I have seen a boat of castaways in the Mexican Gulf, not far from the Haulover. There were four of them, all dying of thirst, in a boat without oars. And all about that boat was a jostling company, hundreds of them, fidgeting, shouldering, nudging each other, rubbing up along the boat—laughing, I tell you—scraping up along it with arched backs, for all the world like a cat rubbing past your legs. The sea was thick with them."

Little Theo does, however, rescue the crew of the shipwrecked vessel, and it is a good stroke of art that these newcomers are left on one side and that the march of events carries us into the unforeseen regions of the Sacred Islet, the key to which Little Theo has found in the Log-books and Journals of the dead seaman, Lorenzo O'Neill. There is something very fascinating in the old-world flavor of O'Neill's account of the Indian mysteries in the Paw-waw House, where the celebrants "made such an uproar as you would think a Basket of Cats was murdered"; and it is no doubt the verisimilitude of the dead privateersman's descriptions that veil the rather unconvincing episode of Little Theo's acceptance by the Indians as the Son of the Sun, whose coming to restore their kingdom and drive out the Spaniards has been prophesied by the priests. It is an ancient device, this establishment of an explorer's *bona-fides* by his verification of his dead and gone predecessor's discoveries, but it works admirably in the story before us, and Mr. Masefield has rarely done better than in his description of Little Theo's search for the temple on the deserted isle of Boca del Drago. Pestilence has fallen on the island, years before, and the college of Indian priests has become a house of death. All this portion of the story is narrated with an admirable blend of realistic force and poetic feeling. In Part III. Charles Harding's story is continued, and the reader's thirst for scenes of hard fighting is satisfied. It may be explained here, that the two trepanned heroes, Little Theo and Charles Harding, have at last met again

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on board the "Marie Galante," a crippled privateer, which is seeking to escape from the attentions of a King's frigate in Myng's Creek, and the Sheriff and a posse of planters on shore. The description of the way the privateersmen, made desperate by the rotten condition of their ship, row back to the creek and carry off the frigate's sails and stores, outwitting the lieutenant and the corporal's guard, is most spirited, and the whole episode of the escape of the "Marie Galante" to the open sea will thrill the imagination of readers young and old. It is a pity that Mr. Masefield did not wind up his story here and reserve for a sequel the adventures of his heroes on their way back to England. He has carried us thus far gallantly, and we are not disposed to criticise the lack of individuality of his two leading characters and the occasional modern or sentimental note that intrudes, such as on pages 211 and 286. The last sixty pages, however, are forced and unreal, and suffer from a congestion of hurried incidents. Should the book be reprinted, as it surely must be, we hope that the author will cancel these pages, for they weaken the illusion of the mystery of the island, Boca del Drago. Mr. Masefield is one of the two writers we have whose stories of adventure are informed with the magic breath of poetry.

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CABLE COMPANY AMALGAMATION.

The long-expected amalgamation between two leading cable companies has at last been officially announced. The Anglo-American Telegraph Company joins forces with the Western Union Company, but the two companies will continue to work as distinct concerns. The terms of the agreement are that the Western Union guarantees 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in perpetuity on the £7,000,000 capital of the Anglo-American. The £7,000,000 is divided into £3,227,040 of preferred ordinary 6 per cent. stock, £545,920 of ordinary stock, and £3,227,040 of deferred ordinary stock. It seems, therefore, that if the ordinary stock takes 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. out of the guaranteed dividends, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ will be left over for the deferred stock. Since it has only obtained this rate once in the past ten years, the arrangement greatly raises the standing of the stock. The Anglo-American company, as the New York correspondent of the "Financial News" reminds us, was shut out of the American system and confined to New York, while the Western Union has its own inland lines. The arrangement seems, therefore, wholly beneficial to the former, and there can be little doubt that it will receive the confirmation which it still requires at the hands of the London board.

A BOOM IN TEA SHARES.

Dealers have long been watching a slight and gradual rise in the price of tea, which has generally been ascribed to a reduction in the area of cultivation caused by the plantation of rubber. Another influence at work has been the increased consumption of Indian tea in Russia, which has taken this year an unprecedentedly large proportion of the crop. For these reasons, coupled with a smaller crop than was expected in the early part of the year, there have been much smaller arrivals of tea in London than were expected, and the consequent rise in the price of the produce has now begun to react on the price of shares in tea com-

panies. Mr. George Seton, a well-known expert, calculates that the shares of forty-five representative companies, with a face value of £9,500,000, have increased in value, from £11,550,000 in January, to £15,150,000 in December. There has been a good deal of active bull dealing in the shares in Mincing Lane, which, rather than the Stock Exchange, is their principal market. But it has been mostly confined to the "inner ring"; and the outside public should remember the rubber boom, and beware.

THE TINPLATE BOOM.

The foreign trade returns up to the end of November of this year show a very marked expansion in our exports of tinplate, the figures for eleven months being 445,000 tons, against 402,600 tons in 1909, and 370,000 tons in 1908. The Welsh industry, it will be remembered, was hard hit by the McKinley Tariff of 1891, when the Americans determined to establish the industry in the States by an almost prohibitive duty. British producers continued to send material for the Chicago packers, who were refunded the duty whenever the tinplate was re-exported; they, in fact, retain this section of the trade to-day, in spite of all the efforts of American manufacturers. But the American home market was effectively barred, and the Welshmen met the move by unwise attempts to restrict their own outputs. After a period of unrest, the trade settled down to develop new markets all over the world, and for a decade following 1900 it has been unusually free from violent fluctuations. With the increasing use of tinplate, and especially with the great demand for motor-spirit cans, the industry is once again expanding. For the first time for twenty years, a large number of new mills are being built, and there is every prospect that tinplate will be one of the leaders in the industrial expansion of 1911.

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